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The Old Man Goes to School.

I know I'm too old to learn, wife, my lessons and tasks are done;
I'm down of life's evenin' glisten in the light of life's settin' sun.
I'm the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon away.
But I wanted to see how the world had grown, so I hobbled to school to-day.

I couldn't a told 'twas a school house, it towered up to the skies.
I gazed on the noble structure till dimmer grew these old eyes.
My thoughts went back to the log house—the school house of long ago,
Where I scrolled and romped with the merry boys who sleep where the daisies grow.

I was startled out of my dreamin' by the tones of its monstrous bell:
On three sides that are growin' deaf the sweet notes rose and fell.
I entered the massive door, and sat in the proffered chair—
An old man wrinkled and gray in the midst of the young and fair.

Like a garden of bloomin' roses, the school-room appeared to me—
The girls from were all so tidy, their faces so full of glee.
They stared at me when I entered, then broke over the scholastic rule,
And set I, with a smile, to each other, "the old man's a-comin' to school."

When the country try here was new, wife—when I was a settlar lad,
Our readin' and writin' and spellin' were 'bout all the studies we had.
We cleared up the farm through the summer days, and through woods and snow
To the log house we'd go to spellin'—the school-hours of years ago.

Now, how we go to school in a palace, and study 'rithmetic and Greek;
They are taught to write scholarly essays, they are dubbed on the stage to speak,
They go into the district stop per, but come out of the college grown.
And children who wear the schools of our land are genuine aristocrats.

I'm glad I've been to the new house, large and grand
With pride I think of my tools in this Liberty land.
I've seen a palace arise where the old log school house stood,
And a garden of beauty bloom where the shadows hid in the wood.

To the graves by the side of my fathers, they'll carry me soon away
Then I'll go to a higher school than the one I've been to-day,
Where the Master of Masters teacheth—where the scholars never grow old—
From glory to glory I'll climb to the beautiful golden of gold.

MY LIFE STORY.

My story is one of terror. I had been seriously overworked and curious symptoms of what I conceived to be cerebral disorder had made themselves felt. They took the form of what we call familiarly "absence of mind," though they were not fits of abstraction, but rather moments of blank unconsciousness. It was just nine o'clock when an awful sensation crept over me of moral fear. Something was taking place in my body which made my soul shudder, but which affected none of my senses. I was conscious, to speak properly, but was devoid of physical sensation. And I was conscious that consciousness was leaving me. All knowledge of events and of the external world passed away, and nothing remained but the cloudy cogation of my condition. I knew that I had overtasked my brain, and I flung my books away, redoubling my exercise in the open air, and asking permission to absent myself from the classes for a week.

When I came to the city I lived at my aunt's house. There was in my aunt's house a girl employed originally as a chamber-maid; a stout, healthy country girl, with red cheeks and round, dimpled arms, and a hearty laugh that rang through the mansion and had a strange charm for me. Owing to her own cleverness and honesty, as much as to my aunt's need of such a person, she became the housekeeper. Her name was Judy, but that atrocity had been softened into Ju, and it was only as Ju that I knew her for a long time. From the moment that I became an inmate of the place this girl attached herself to me with a pertinacious devotion that was remarkable. Understand me, it was the modest, respectful attachment of a sincere friend.

The girl kept out of my sight as much as possible, but she exerted an influence over me of a vital kind. I used to open my chamber of mornings, when she was bustling about the house, to listen to her laugh, for in it there was a subtle suggestion of health that was like the magnetism of outdoors. Whenever I came home late, no matter what the hour, I was sure that she had been waiting for me to come in. Well, the summer came on. It was generally understood that I was to marry Miss Featherstonaugh. No sooner had I recommenced my studies than my mental troubles returned. One morning I went to my window to pull up the shade preparatory to dressing. There was a church clock visible from the window, and I noticed that it was nine o'clock to the minute as I drew up the curtain. Then my fit came on. I despair of making you understand the nature of it or the intensity of my agony before and after it. I suppose that not more than three seconds elapsed between the lifting of my hand and the full paralysis of all my powers. But in that instant of time I suffered an eternity of terror. There I stood with only a dull, icy consciousness that I could not take my arm down and that life for me was suspended. Nor was this impaired consciousness continuous. It seemed to return after long, long intervals of utter extinction, like the glimmer of a distant light, to feebly irradiate for me the awful fact that I was there yet.

Dr. Birchell, our family physician, used to laugh at me much over my fears of evil. One day he said, "Your disease is the most harmless thing in the world. There's only one danger, and that is that your friends will bury you before your time. Now, that I confess is not comfortable; but, my dear fellow, neither is it probable."

Dr. Birchell went away and left us. One morning in October my aunt was taken suddenly ill, and a neighboring doctor was called in. He was a young man, remarkably handsome, and very skillful, and won the respect and confidence of the family at once. Finding him an intellectual student very much after my own mind, a rather warm friendship grew up between us, and he became a constant visitor at the house.

Now comes the most remarkable part of my narrative. This Dr. Cruden—that was his name—fell desperately in love with Ju. He had no hesitation in telling me of it, and in assuring me that the girl had informed him with a passion that it was beyond his power to control. He even made a clean breast of it to my aunt, and she, looking upon it as a rather romantic and every way desirable match for her housekeeper, placed no obstacle in the way. I very frequently joined them, and the doctor and I would go off into into a discussion far beyond the depth of Ju, who sat there sewing and beaming in her quiet, healthy way. It was at such a time that I introduced the subject of catalepsy, and Cruden, seeing that Ju was intensely interested, gave an account of several cases of trance in which more suppression of function had been mistaken for death. I remarked that there was a hereditary tendency in my family to this disease, and I expected to have it myself some day. Turning to her carelessly, I added, "If ever they should find me dead in my bed, Ju, don't you let them bury me till Dr. Cruden gives the word, will you?"

I recall now the look and tone with which that girl, resting her industrious fingers in her lap, replied as her eyes met mine, "No, I will not!" She had given a seriousness and an import to her answer that my assumed carelessness did not warrant.

Dr. Cruden's attachment to Ju, I will not deny is, annoyed me. Ju was doubtless flattered by his attentions, but he acknowledged to me that she gave him very little encouragement. One night I sauntered into the dining-room and found her alone with her work. I sat down familiarly and began to talk about him. I praised him at some length in a careless strain, when she interrupted me by asking in the blunt, direct way of a woman, "Do *you* like him?"

"I admire him," I replied. "He is a very clever man and must one of these days be a wealthy and influential one."

"He has asked me to marry him," she said quietly.

"Very well, Ju; if *you* like him nobody can say a word against it."

"No?" she responded interrogatively and, as I thought, plaintively. "Would *you* advise me to marry him?"

I felt that it was the appeal of a faithful, inexperienced creature to my honesty. I hesitated a moment and then answered: "No, I would not; for with all his cleverness I don't believe he would make you happy, Ju, and I have no reason to wish anything but happiness for one who has earned so much of my gratitude." As I said this Dr. Cruden entered the room. I believe that he heard the whole of the conversation. He saluted me as usual, but looked at me hard. The girl was cool and self-possessed and went on with her work; and I shortly afterwards left them together.

It must have been three nights later, when, as I was writing very late, I had a strange warning sensation in my back and arm. I then put away the work, took a shower-bath, went to bed, and almost immediately fell asleep.

The first conscious impression that I received after that was of a muffled bell striking, while I seemed to be emerging slowly from the glooms and forgetfulness of the grave. Presently I comprehended that it was John, the waiter, knocking at my door, but it sounded to me as if he were hammering a bronze gate with a sledge. I tried to answer him, but could not utter a word. I tried to open my eyes, to move my arms, to struggle, to gasp—it was in vain. I was locked up in death's embrace. Ah, if one could only explain in words the horror of emotion without the power to express it! Then I endeavored to collect my thoughts, which in the agony of fear was hard enough. I heard my aunt's step on the stairs, and could even detect the rustle of her dress, and knew that she was attired for her morning ride. The door was pushed open. There was a scream, all manner of confused ejaculations and orders, and a fall as if my aunt had fainted. When she recovered she sent for the doctor, and for Ju, and then gave way to lamentations: "Oh, this is awful! So sudden! Oh, dear! what is to become of me, and poor Miss Featherstonaugh, too? What a blow! It's to be a funeral instead of a marriage!"

I felt a rough hand laid upon my face, and the attempt made to close my mouth. It must have been John, for he said, "He's been dead several hours, ma'am. He's stone-cold."

After that my arm was with great difficulty laid by my side. I was placed on my back, and the sheet pulled up over my face. I knew, also, by the sound that they were darkening the room. Where, oh, where was Ju?

She came presently, after all the others had gone. John came with her. I heard her glad voice, and there was a strange balm in it. "There he is," said John. "There's no more work for him this side of the graveyard." She tore the sheet off my face, and I felt that she was looking at me intently. John was sauntering round the room on tiptoe, and carrying on the conversation.

The moment he was out of the room Ju came and dropped upon her knees at the head of the bed and wound her arms about me, and, laying her face upon mine, I could feel the wet lashes and the warm, wholesome breath as she tried to coax me with embraces back to life. But in vain. No fibre of my body could answer with an assuring tremor to her fidelity.

Dr. Cruden could not be found till afternoon.

When the doctor came in he went over to the window and sat down by Ju.

"Ah," said he, "so the poor fellow's gone. I expected this for some time?"

There was a sudden movement of a chair. Ju must have got up quickly, for the bed-clothes were moved and I heard her say: "You expected it, and so did he. I'm not sure that he's dead. Are you?"

"We'll soon determine that," he replied.

I felt his hand upon my heart with the unmistakable and inquisitive pressure of a doctor's fingers, felt the weight of his head as his ear was pressed down hard to catch the faintest murmur. My whole soul was concentrated into that effort as his hand was withdrawn. I thought he detected it, for his fingers went suddenly back as if for reassurance. His head was down upon my breast. I could hear him breathe. His mouth was close to my ear. No, he was whispering. "It's my turn now!" He said it twice. Too awful import of the four words seemed to add some new paralysis to my system. My nature refused to believe in any revenge like this. He asked her to give him the little mirror from the shaving-case. I felt its cold surface placed on my lips, and I knew this was a horrible, hollow mockery. Then I heard him say, "He's dead! without any doubt, and been dead for six hours. It was heart disease!"

In that supreme instant hope died. I had then arrived at the long-dreaded crisis, and there was no longer any human help for me. Not a friend to stand by me.

Ju got up as the decision was pronounced. I felt that she and the doctor were silently looking each other in the eyes.

Suddenly she emitted a little cry, and was down by my side. Her warm fingers were in my hair. This lock on my forehead was lifted.

"Does a man turn gray when he is dead?" she asked with vehemence, and I felt the turning of her body as if she were looking him in the face and pointing to the lock that she held in her hand.

His answer was hesitating. Could she be detecting his duplicity in his countenance? And, believe me, the man capable of a monstrous crime was not equal to this emergency.

He stumbled. He betrayed himself. He replied, "Oh, that was gray before!"

If he had only carried his authority a little further and told her it was a common occurrence.

"It was, was it?" said the dear girl. She, who knew every lock in my head, was not to be deceived in that direction. She got up and held the door open for him.

"Go and make out your certificate, Dr. Cruden. You may fool the world. But here I stay. And if you or any of the doctors in New York bury Adam Melton before I pronounce him dead you will have to bury me with him. Do you understand that?"

And the moment she was alone she had my head in her arms, and was sobbing as if her heart would break. "I don't know if you can hear me," she cried, with gasps and tears; "but I won't desert you. They'll have to tear me in pieces first. Do you hear? It's me—Ju. I want you to live. There's nobody else cares a bit. Perhaps, O God, you are dead! No, no, no, no, I did not mean that. I *know* better. O heavens, how cold you are. Don't mind me; I wouldn't do this if you weren't in danger. I'll stay here till you open your eyes. I'll bolt the doors. Not a soul shall come in. Not even sir. She was to be your wife. Why she sent word that she preferred not to see you!"

And so on, in a broken rhapsody of grief and endearment.

But she was as good as her word. Down stairs the solemn preparations for the funeral were going on. It was officially given out that I had died of heart disease. The announcements were sent to the papers. The day of the funeral was fixed. Crape was ordered, letters of condolence were received. Nobody who has not been through my experience can know what a thin partition there is between the hopefulness of high health and the everlasting darkness of the tomb. Grief, affection, love itself is but a hurrying and a putting away the instant your heart ceases to beat.

I knew now that everything depended upon the bravery with which my stanuch friend would hold out against the imperious conventional usages. And I confess that I had little hope that she would be able to resist the mistress of the house, backed as that mistress would be by science and law.

There were long gaps of time. I could not measure them. I heard the girl in the room. She appeared to be searching for something. John brought her up a lunch. I heard him tell her the coffin was down stairs and the men waiting to come up. And I was astonished to hear him refer to my having died yesterday. She must have been with me all night. And all through the lonely watches I had felt her warm, odorous palm upon my forehead at intervals, like an arm stretched out by heaven into hell.

The undertakers got into the room before she could prevent it. She ordered them out.

"Who are you?" one of them said, gruffly.

"I'm the nurse," she replied promptly. "We're not ready for sexions yet."

"Well," said the same gruff voice, "we're ordered to take the body down stairs, and we've got to do it."

"Easy," said somebody in a whisper. "Tell her we only want to move him from one room to another. Once under screws it'll be all right. We don't want a row. It won't do."

With that one of them put his arm under my head. There was a quick rustle of a dress. The arm was pulled suddenly away. I heard the click of my revolver, felt Ju's long hair sweeping my face, and knew she was standing over me like mother Judith.

"If you touch him again," she said, "there'll be blood on it. Stand off! My life for it, he won't go out of this room till he's dead or I am!"

"The woman's stark mad," said the man's voice. "Come away. The Board o' Health'll have to lay 'em both out!"

She sprang after them and bolted the door. Once more I felt her at my bedside. "Dear, dear, I wonder if he *is* dead!" I heard her say in her distress. "O, what can I do, what *can* I do!"

Then there was a parley through the key-hole. It was my aunt's voice. "Ju," she said, "listen to me. In the name of decency come down stairs and don't make me send for an officer. You ought to know that you can't bring the dead to life by such conduct, and it's disgraceful. The whole house is in arms about it."

"I don't care for the house," replied Ju.

"What do you mean to do?" asked my aunt.

"I mean to keep him from being buried alive as long as I can, if I die for it."

"Didn't you hear what Dr. Cruden said?"

"Dr. Cruden lied!"

"Well, open the door; I must come in. You're delaying all the arrangements."

"I know I am. That's what I mean to do."

"Won't you open the door?"

"No."

"Then I shall have to get an officer and break it open. If you are convinced that Adam is alive, why don't you convince me?"

"I don't believe you can be convinced," said Ju. "You all of you want to hurry him to the grave. Why don't you send for Doctor—Doctor—Doc—tor Bir——" (She was trying to read the name on a card that she had found in my desk; it was printed in German text.)

"Doctor Birchell?" my aunt suggested. "If Doctor Birchell pronounces him dead will you promise to give up the room?"

"No," said Ju; "I'll never give him up till I can see that he's dead with my own eyes. But Dr. Birchell won't say so."

"Well, at all events, if Dr. Birchell comes, you'll open the door?"

"Yes, I will."

When she had gone Ju drew from her bosom Miss Featherstonaugh's letter and read it. She was shocked at the news of my death, and declared it was awfully annoying. She regretted she had no suit of black in which to attend the funeral, and for this reason could not attend it. The bearer of the letter was given to grief.

After reading the letter, Ju sprang up with a sudden impulse, pulled the clothes from my neck and arms, dashed cold water upon me, shook me with desperate force, moaning and gasping and sobbing the while in the greatest distress. What encouragement the poor creature had in all this heaven only knows. Her faith, her hope, and her fidelity are inexplicable to me to this day. While she was thus endeavoring to restore animation my feelings were of that numbed, despairing kind that no one can understand who has not been launched into the mid-ocean of hopeless horror. A sullen, faithless wonder took possession of me.

Suddenly an arrowy pain shot through me, and Ju gave a cry of joy. It was such a cry as a mother might give who pulls her offspring out of the flames. I felt the cool air on my face and caught the scent of the busy street as it came in my window. Intolerable pangs were darting through my body. My heart gave a leap. I gasped. Hot lava seemed to be pouring into my veins. I opened my eyes. My head was on her breast. Her arms held me lovingly. Her dark disheveled hair was sweeping round me like a protecting drapery. I looked up out of death into the life and victory of her tender face.

That woman had saved me.

About ten minutes later, Dr. Birchel bounced into the room. He said this would not have happened if he had been called. I will not weary you with what occurred after, except to say this: I put myself in his hands, for he promised to cure me if I would follow his directions explicitly. And that you may be sure I did eagerly. "The first thing, then, that you must do," said he, "is to get married. I don't care who you marry, but you *must* marry somebody, and somebody who is your opposite in every respect."

"But, my dear doctor," I remonstrated, "is it not the sublimity of meanness to fasten myself and my infirmity to a woman?"

"No sentimental nonsense. I'll get rid of the infirmity if you will do as I tell you. Hang it! your life's worth something to the community, if it isn't worth anything to yourself."

I did as he told me, and Ju is now my wife.

Driving Them Off.

How the farmers of Wright county, Iowa, drove away the grasshoppers is revealed by the local paper. The crops in that country were abundant, and anxious husbandmen were in hopes that these destructive pests would not appear until after harvest. At once they came, however, in clouds that darkened the sun. By a preconcerted plan, the farmers set fire to piles of dry straw on the borders of the wheat-fields, and smothered the flames with green hay. That caused volumes of smoke to roll over the fields. The grasshoppers didn't relish this procedure at all. They rose with such a multitudinous hum of wings as to deepen into a roar like distant thunder, and fled the country. In that way the Wright county farmers have a fair prospect of saving the crops.

New Modes of Crime.

It is particularly fortunate for society that crime is not progressive and that criminals are not inventive. In so far as regards the method and device of their occupation the professionally dangerous classes are among the most conservative classes. If this were not so society would be in a much more perilous predicament than it is, for a set of alert and inventive criminals, opposed to a set of stupid detectives, would make havoc compared to which the present casual and aimless ravages upon the security of property and the sanctity of life would look like inconsiderable trifles. As it is, the detective walks in a rut of narrow routine, even when he means to do his business and catch criminals, and the criminal, luckily for the detective and for us, walks in a rut of routine quite as narrow. Accordingly, a professional thief, working in his vocation according to its traditions in a workmanlike manner, can commonly be caught by the professional detective. A thief or a murderer working by inspiration, and not by routine, baffles the detective and gets free. Accordingly any new mode which crime takes on is a thing to be most anxiously and carefully watched, for until it has become a recognized criminal art, having its own laws and traditions, it may be carried to almost any lengths under the very noses of the police.

It is in this view of the case that the two new species of crimes which have just broken out in Boston and in Philadelphia are of such painful and pressing moment to us. It is true that the boy Pomeroy, who in old times would have been said to be possessed of a devil, is in our newer dialect described as the victim of morbid impulse. It is by no means true, however, that he is on that account to be treated as an isolated phenomenon, with which the community has no further business than to hand it over to the psychologists for analysis. Statistics show that although what may be called the amount of "morbid impulse" existing in any community may be a constant quantity which can neither be added to nor diminished by any efforts which society can make with regard to it, the direction it will take, and the lengths to which it will work itself out are dependent on a variety of circumstances. The fear of punishment may have weight in repressing morbid impulse, and it is well established how great an effect the force of example may have in the expression of it. The well-known story that the authorities in Paris were once compelled to close the towers of Notre Dame by reason of the number of suicides who had taken to jumping from them shows how the imitative impulse may lead large numbers of people to prefer the most painful and horrible mode of death. We do not say that the wretched Pomeroy ought to be hanged, but we do say that an exemplary punishment inflicted upon him may deter many wretches like him from repeating his atrocities, and that a very heavy responsibility rests upon those who let him loose, after he had proved his unfitness to control himself.

The next Philadelphian phase of crime ought to be much more manageable, as the effects of it, if the outbreak of it is not terribly repressed and punished, will be much more widely calamitous. The ease with which the crime of kidnapping can be committed, the tremendous power with many, perhaps most, parents, a power far greater than that of personal duress, which it gives the kidnapper over his victim, needs only impunity in one or two instances to be added in order to make this the commonest kind of crime. It is shameful and almost unbearable to think that the police of Philadelphia have not yet been able to lay their hands upon men who are carrying on negotiations in perfect publicity with an afflicted father for the restoration of his child. The "morbid impulse" toward getting money without work, which exists more or less in the vast majority of men, needs only the quickening of one or two examples of success and impunity in that bad art to tempt into this new mode of it a very formidable minority of men. The whole effort of the Philadelphian police ought to be to stamp out this new crime. As it is in effect a new crime the perpetrators of it could not complain if a new punishment were applied to it, more adequate to its atrocity than any the statute book contains.—*New York World.*

An Ancient City.

Capt. W. C. Manning, of Gen. Cook's forces, has furnished an interesting description of an ancient city in New Mexico, inhabited by a remnant of the race which centuries ago was a flourishing tributary of Montezuma's empire. The captain has visited the towns, talked with their inhabitants, and studied their customs. The largest settlement is in New Mexico, about thirty miles south of the border line of Arizona. A strong wall surrounds it, and within are houses for about four thousand people, though the population is only 1,800. The language and some of the customs resemble Chinese, though religious worship is formal and pompous. The priests have heavily embroidered robes, which have been used for unnumbered years. Like the Peruvians, the people keep a record of events by tying knots in long cords. The Government is administered by thirteen caziques, or chiefs, six of whom are selected for life, the others being elected from time to time. There is a head chief and a vice head chief, a war chief, etc. Everybody votes, morals are good, and women are respected, a fact which alone makes a wide gulf between the dwellers in this ancient city and the horsemen of the plains. The place was mentioned by a Spanish Jesuit in 1529, and is probably as old as the Mexican empire, which was in its heyday of glory and prosperity when invaded by Cortez.

THE DISASTER.

A Thrilling Description of the Flood at Pittsburgh.

A correspondent of the New York *World*, describing the disaster at Pittsburgh, says:

Instantly, as it seemed to some, the air was filled with water. The flashes of lightning were so continuous that for half an hour the atmosphere was ablaze with light, but impenetrable to the eye by reason of the veils of rain. Down in the low districts of Pittsburgh people heard the water swashing through the streets. They had often heard it in a heavy shower, and went to bed calmly enough, only expecting to find one or two impassable thoroughfares in the morning and new tax bills to pay. It was Sunday night and church time, and the churches had their usual rainy-night audience. The thunder and lightning were severe enough to somewhat interrupt the services, but in Pittsburgh, and, for the most part, in Allegheny City, people went home through the soaking streets and went to bed unconscious that anything had happened. What had happened? In half an hour after the storm burst, and while the congregations were at prayer, up in the miserable hollow path made fit for the flood, the flood had come and risen to its height. The ragged, steep hills poured at every rod a torrent of rain-water and its wash of mud, red and yellow, straight down. Where the country was open every seam in the hill was a torrent; where it was built upon every alley-way leading down the hill-sides became a channel for the waters. The ill-fated people along those two fatal roads listened to the rain and feared nothing. A freshet in the run was a thing unknown, and much less was it suspected that the avenue would become a river. But was it the rain and nothing else that roared so loudly, and only the thunder that was rumbling so sullenly and fiercely? It was the rise of the waters that, ere their noise could be distinguished from the noise of the storm, had swept into the channels and cut off retreat, now from those at the upper end of the flumes, and now it was only a minute from those half-way down to the city. In the heart of the city itself, along both the converging routes, the waters found the little, unpainted houses set in more thickly as they came along.

Further up some people hurried to the hills and escaped, and some clung to their houses, even, and escaped. But here the flood came before the news of the flood, and announced itself by sweeping in at the doorways and telling the people that it had trapped them wholly, for the only escape was by flight, and flight one way was cut off by the torrent, while flight the other way by the houses themselves, set back to back in close array, and with the water now at the sills of their second-story windows, and now rending their walls asunder was equally impossible. If even these immense masses of water had had an open pathway they might have gone off harmless or have descended upon the houses below with a force that could have been borne, but along the run they tore up a plank road, and beat down the nearest houses with the timbers and piled up the broken wood with stones and mud into a dam. Across the narrow channel above the dam they rose till through sheer weight they broke it down, and then it was a lake, and not a gorged creek, that was tossed upon the unconscious people below. This was repeated in the avenue and in both streams, dam after dam, each larger than the last, was formed and broken momently. That explains the ruin which to-day is attracting to the now empty beds of the two streams so many sight-seers. It explains also why seventy-five dead bodies have been found broken and buried in the mud, and under the stacks of splintered timbers just below the fatal hollow where these two streams met.

The flood came in the morning at Mill river valley; here it was in the night, and in the darkness and horror of a terrible thunder-storm. There the man who would save his wife, the mother who would save her children, could at least see the point of safety, if to reach it was possible. Here they could see nothing, and rushed out as if blindfold, into what had been the streets of a city, changed in the dark into high ways of destruction.

The gas-works even were upset, and the dull light of the streets was turned into darkness. At Mill river there was breathing space between the villages. Here it was one block of houses, with the streets turned into torrents all at once. Then the two raging streams, laden each with great burdens of timbers, met where Chestnut, Center and O'Hara streets come together. They came together with the heaped-up debris of each, nearly at right angles. They were eight and ten feet deep, but when they met up went the water in a burst thirty feet high, and down it came over the double dam of flood-wood, broke right across O'Hara street at right angles, sweeping three houses side by side utterly away, and then, "thank God, at last the worst had been reached," spread out into an open meadow, made for the river up in the run, and dug out the sewer and burst it to pieces. Here there was another sewer leading to the river, and this it broke through and sucked utterly dry before it passed on to the Allegheny, where it at last plunged into the river, swamping an unlucky barge at the shore. It bored great holes into the clay, which it had scraped bare of the rich red alluvium, and left behind it in the flat stocks of timber half buried in mud, with too many dead human bodies entangled and buried with the rest. The path of this brief torrent, whose force was spent in two hours, is hardly like the seven-mile track of destruction in Massachusetts, a sight worth coming to see. From its path through to the middle of a city a greater destruction might have been expected; yet the loss in many is probably less, but of the loss of life it cannot be said how great it is.

Another Life.

"I have another life I long to meet;
Without which life my life is incomplete;
Oh, sweeter self! like me art thou astray,
Trying with all thy heart to find the way
To mine. Straying like mine to find the breast
On which alone can weary heart find rest."

Items of Interest.

There wasn't a single crew at the regatta which couldn't have won, "if," &c.

The theatre burned in Chicago recently is the eighty-fourth in the country to go up in flames.

A wonderful scientific young man has had ocular demonstrations of a sound; he has seen his bed tick.

A prisoner in a Georgia jail was recently put on a block and his services sold to the highest bidder.

A Pottstown, Pa., couple, in full possession of all their faculties, have a large family of deaf and dumb children.

"He has left a void that cannot easily be filled," as the bank director touchingly remarked of the absconding cashier.

Chicago has gone brick crazy now. A man was mobbed there recently for building a wooden dog-house in his back yard.

A young lady at Des Moines put vitriol on her scalp to take the dandruff off, and what scalp she has left doesn't bother her any.

One man on the McMasters farm, near St. Joseph, picked 600 quarts of strawberries in seven days. His best day's picking was 180 quarts.

A Boston lady in California says that the big strawberries on the Pacific coast have but little flavor, being a cross between a turnip and a dried apple.

An old iron mine in Salisbury, Conn., which has been worked over one hundred and fifty years, recently declared an annual dividend of 115 per cent.

A family of Iowa frogs has been found one hundred and eighty feet under ground, and it is supposed that they have been nest-hiding there for at least a century.

Several bandits, who were recently captured in the mountains of Santa Ana, Nicaragua, received two hundred lashes each, a band of music being employed to drown their cries.

It was considered a deed of magnanimity for a San Francisco street crowd to allow a Chinaman to depart with his life, after having killed two innocence dogs that had been set upon him by some of its members.

The German military authorities have determined to revoke their absurd order which prohibited soldiers from drinking water while on the march. This privation caused many deaths during the Franco-Prussian war.

An interesting problem of the frontier is, why the Arickaree Indians, steadfast friends of the whites for over half a century, are without arms and ammunition, while the hostile Sioux are armed with Spencer rifles.

A Minnesota divine, in an unguarded moment and in the course of his discourse, called thirty-five of his flock "empty heads." Empty or full-headed, they have since pertinaciously refused to pay their pew taxes, and the pastor has taken out writs against them.

An investigation into the burial of Baltimore paupers has developed some curious facts. A coffin costs the city $8, and it is alleged that James Nash, the driver of the dead cart, has been in the habit of dumping the bodies at Potter's Field, and taking the coffins back.

A Fortune Made and Lost.

The Dimmock mansion on Broad street, Elizabeth, N. J., is generally recognized as one of the most magnificent as well as costly private residences in the States. It was begun in 1871, or thereabouts, and cost Anthony W. Dimmock, the once well-known Wall street millionaire, between $400,000 and $500,000. His failure in 1872 left the house still unfinished and encumbered with mortgages. Recently the matter has been thrown into the hands of a Master in Chancery, who is taking testimony as to the rights and preferences of mortgagees and mechanics.

At the time it was commenced A. W. Dimmock, although but thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, was one of the lions of Wall street. At the age of nineteen he commenced business in a banking-house and worked the first year for $250. In 1864-5 his business tact led him into speculation in gold, and so successful was his ventures that he withdrew from the house of Maynard and established the firm of "A. W. Dimmock & Co." He is said to have cleared $500,000 in one day during the rise of gold after the battle of Fredericksburg. In an evil hour he invested the greatest portion of a large fortune in the Atlantic Mail Steamship Line, but through the withdrawal of Daniel Drew and others, who were in the "pool," the stock depreciated so rapidly that his losses in one day reached $1,500,000. By disposing of his vast estate at Tarrytown he settled with his creditors and began anew, but getting a controlling interest in the same line of steamships, followed by a long train of mishaps, irretrievably ruined him, and in 1873 he retired from Wall street. Previous to his last failure he purchased 300 acres of land in Elizabeth and erected thereon a large number of elegant villas, and finished by putting up the palatial residence mentioned, which, like the others, are in litigation among his numerous creditors.

How to Economize.—Two years ago the Turkish Government wanted to economize in its salaries and yet not reduce the pay, and it declared, with pleasant innocence of the result, that a year should consist of fifteen months, and the pay for a year be for that period; and so it would have paid the five years with four years salary. It is discovered that this plan was invented by Louis XIV., who [illegible] pensions that way.

The M'Kean Miner.

H. F. Barbour - - Editor.

THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1874.

THE MINER is published every Thursday, at Smethport, M. Kean County, Pa. It is the intention and the highest ambition of the Publisher to make THE MINER a first class local and family journal. Items of news from all parts of the County are respectfully solicited, and will be cheerfully paid for if desired.

TERMS RIGID.—The regular subscription price of THE MINER is Two Dollars per annum. But hereafter, and during the present management, parties paying their subscription in advance will be allowed a deduction of 25 per cent. upon the subscription price, when paid in cash.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We cannot pay any attention to communications; every article must be accompanied by the writer's true name and address for our own security. We cannot possibly return rejected manuscript, which fact we desire to impress on all contributors.

ADVERTISING TERMS.—Legal, Official and Government advertising, per square—three times or less Two Dollars; each subsequent insertion, fifty cents. Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion; five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Obituary notices, over five lines, ten cents per line. Professional cards, five lines or less, per year, five dollars. Rates for display advertisements furnished on application.

Look to the Assessments.

Under the old Constitution of this State, but ten days residence in an election district was necessary to qualify a voter, and the payment of a tax assessed within ten days would enable him to vote, if otherwise qualified; and the people having grown used to this short period of preparation for an election, there is danger that many of them will forget that the new Constitution imposes a longer period and exacts a greater amount of early attention to what has heretofore been put off until the last moment.

Under the new Constitution, every person offering to vote must show—

I.—That he has been a citizen of the United States at least one month. This will cut off all persons naturalized after the 3d day of October in the present year.

II. That he has resided in the State a year or, if formerly a resident and removed therefrom shall have returned, six months preceding the election. This is the same provision that prevailed in the old Constitution.

III. That he has resided in the election district where he offers to vote, at least two months immediately before the election. And

IV. That he has, within two years and at least a month before the election, paid a State or county tax assessed at least two months prior to the election.

Heretofore, taxes could be paid up to and on the day of election. Now they will have to be paid a month before. Assessments must be made at least two months previously, instead of ten days, and a two months residence in the district must be shown.

It behooves every one who wants to vote at the coming election to see that his name is on the Assessor's list for his district before the the 3d of September next. The Assessor's are required, by law, to exhibit their lists at the polling places, and any one can see for himself whether he is assessed or not. It will also be essential to see that the taxes assessed are paid before the 3d of October, or the receipts will not avail; and persons who are applicants for naturalization will do well to get their papers out in season. Any person naturalized after October 3d of this year will not be entitled to vote until next year.

No citizen will be deprived of his right to vote, even if his name is left off the Assessor's list, if he can show that he has paid a State or County tax within two years. Thus a person who paid a State or county tax anytime between the 4th of November, 1872 and the 3d of October, 1874, can vote, upon making proof of that fact, and of his residence and citizenship; but the process of making such proof is a slow and vexatious one, and we earnestly advise all voters not to run the risk of being subjected to it. The sure plan is to see that you are assessed; and if you are, last year's tax receipt is just as good for election purposes as this year's.

THE New York *Tribune*, a champion libeller of Governor Hartranft when he was running for Governor, in its issue of Saturday, says: "Journals which bitterly opposed the election of Governor Hartranft are now unqualified in their praises of his conscientious care of the interests of the State." The *Tribune*, when it was holding Governor Hartranft up as fit only for the occupancy of a prison cell, knew right well that it was lying, and that the man that it was thus maligning was, an honest citizen and a tried patriot. The robbing of an honest man of his good name is a greater crime that the stealing of his money. Shouldn't the *Tribune* editors be companions of Boss Tweed in his prison life?

Where the Money Is.

Some of our Pittsburgh contemporaries, professing to support the Republican party, take the doubtful way of doing so by unjustly accusing Republican officials of neglect of duty, or worse. The Pittsburgh *Telegraph* and *Gazette* have boldly accused Gen. Harrison Allen, Auditor General, of neglect in not compelling the State Treasurer to publish a statement of the condition of the Treasury, and the number and location of the banks where the the States money, is deposited. It will be seen how groundless these charges were from the fact that the State Treasurer is as independent of the Auditor General as is the GOVERNOR, so far as performing his duty under the law is concerned. That officer has voluntarily published this statement, showing where the public money is on deposit, on call by the State without collateral or interest as follows:

Speyrer, McDonald & co., Rochester	$10,000 00
First National Bank, Clearfield	5,000 00
J. K. Ridgway, Philadelphia	50,000 00
Riegel, Reif & co., Greensburg	2,000 00
Central Bank, Pittsburgh	45,000 00
First National Bank, Athens	4,000 00
Dauphin County Bank, Harrisburg	11,000 00
People's Saving Bank, New Castle	4,000 00
Miners and Mechanics' Bank, Pittsburgh	5,000 00
Union Banking co., Philadelphia	5,000 00
J. M. Bank & co., Meadville	5,000 00
Citizens' Savings Bank, Warren	5,000 00
Home Bank, Harrisburg	5,000 00
Bangham Dep. at Bank, Harrisburg	20,000 00
Western Deposit Bank, Beaver	17,000 00
Franklin Co. Bank, Chambersburg	857 77
Indiana Co. Dep. & Bank, Indiana	5,000 00
Allegheny National Bank, Pittsburgh	1,000 00
Lyon National Bank, Harrisburg	10,000 00
Mechanics Bank, Harrisburg	15,000 00
Manufac. and Mechanics National Bank Philadelphia	100,000 00
Balance in General revenue Fund 1 July 31, 1874	9,432,285 75

So far as paying the public debt is concerned, Auditor General Allen has not only performed his duty as required by the Constitution and the law, but he has so husbanded the public revenues as to meet the requirements of the Constitution and the law of annual payments. By the provisions of the 11th section, article 9th, of the Constitution, it is required that the State debt should be annually reduced in a sum not less than $250,000. This year the reduction of State indebtedness to July 31 amounts to over $800,000, and the reduction for the fiscal year will amount to fully $1,200,000! The moneys of the State, over and above the necessary reserve for the payment of the necessary expenses of the State, must be deposited in the Sinking Fund, and according to the intention of the Constitution, dare not be invested in any security, or loaned at interest except it be in the bonds of the United States.

Death of George Bergner.

News came very unexpectedly, last week, of the death of George Bergner, Esq., proprietor of the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, and Postmaster of that city. Mr. Bergner was a gentleman of active business habits, and has held positions of considerable importance, having been State Printer at different times, his entire term of service covering a long period of time. The *Telegraph* of that city, under his administration, has been a paper of large political influence, its tone being always dignified and elevated, and it has been consistent and vigorous in its advocacy of Republican principles and policy. It is now a valuable newspaper property. Mr. Bergner had a large circle of acquaintances in the State, and his death will be felt as a loss of no small importance. He had accumulated a large fortune by his energy and tact, thus providing for those dependent on him.

North Carolina and Tennessee.

These two States, which held their elections within the past few days, have gone Democratic. This result was brought indirectly by the passage of the Civil Rights bill and directly by making the issue squarely that of "white supremacy" and the "seperateness of the races," the result of a state of public feeling nursed and fed by the Bourbons on the basis of the passage of that bill. During the entire canvass the line between the blacks and the whites was fixed with terrible distinctness, and the old familiar cry of "down with the nigger" was sounded forth with a vigor that showed the old antagonism to have been only smoldering under the ashes of defeat. Whether the Democracy can afford to make their campaigns a war of color, born to prejudice and nursed in violence, is for them to decide. Certain it is that the mass of the American people consider that the question of manhood regardless of race or color was settled by the bloody arbitrament of the war.

The Pittsburgh *Commercial* says it is a significant fact that those persons who seem to be most industriously working for a third term for President Grant are the implacable enemies of the Republican party. Never to do what your opponent wants you to do, is always a safe maxim to follow.

Political Candidates.

EDITOR MINER.—As the organ of the Republicans in the County it is supposed that any suggestions tending to the harmony and success of the party, will find a place in your columns. The county election will determine the future of McKean County, politically.

Democratic Treasurers, Sheriffs, Judges and Commissioners, can and have been elected, whenever strife has entered into Republican ranks.

One source of dissatisfaction and of the success of the opposition candidate, is the nomination of individuals who secure a place on the ticket, by working for it, as it is termed. Begging and lying, would be nearer the truth.

These men seek office—they foist themselve upon the people—neither the people nor the office will seek them.

This evil is not new under the sun. It is one of the acknowledged defects in American politics.

Another source of political corruption, and the disintegration of parties is the Ring or Clique business to secure the election of certain individuals or their tools or relatives, or to confine office holding to one or two localities.

In the Ring business corrupt men of both parties, sometimes unite to elect the candidate, who belongs to their family, their clegue, or their locality, and as principle is unknown principles are forsaken.

Again, good men and true, who desire no office, and sometimes, it must be admitted, bad men and false, who envy others, the success which they covet, but do not merit, use their influence to defeat the candidates of their own party because they consider them unfit, or because their nomination was dishonorably or fraudulently obtained.

If Bradford Township, and Smethport Boro, or rather if the Boroughs of Bradford and Smethport, contain all the brains, culture, honesty and ability, in the Republican party, this would be sufficient cause why the party nominations should be confined to these localities, and if a certain number of men in these places cannot earn a living without begging for it as office seeker—then let it be so written in the bond.

As a citizen of Bradford, I think I reflect the sentiment of every Republican, who has at heart the good of the party when I say that being as there now is a Commissioner, a Judge and Treasurer, in this township, modesty and common sense, would dictate the propriety of the other townships being consulted, and their best men brought to the front.

I know something of public sentiment, have talked with men throughout the county, and unless a good man, free from the taint of packed caucus, or Ring influence is presented for Representative, and every other office—success is not within reach.

It is no time to play policy. The success of Republican principles are at stake, and cannot but be endangered by foolishly shutting our eyes to discontent and selfish intrigue.

With harmony, comes success. Without it, defeat. J. K. H.

Bradford Aug. 10, '74

Spirit of the Press.

The *Tribune* expressively sums up a sad feature of the pending scandal when it says: "Meantime the wing of the women sufferage champions with whom the Tiltons specially associated appear revelling in the general nastiness, and gray-haired women eagerly retail to reporters the seconded hand scandal they have hitherto been tattling among and about themselves. The whole business is shocking but possibly some good may yet come out of it." The attitude of a woman like Elizabeth Cady Stanton on this question has done more harm to the woman's rights movement than twenty years of agitation will remedy. Society sees that under the movement, even as represented by a woman like Mrs. Stanton, there is a warfare against the sacred traditions of home, marriage and honorable maternity; that it countenances simply license and shame in their worst phases. Mrs. Stanton gave her life to build up this movement, and in a day she destroyed it all.—N. Y. *Herald*

Nothing can be more insane or reprehensible than the hostile attitude which the Southern Democracy has assumed in relation to the colored race. They are committing a mistake, the effects of which will prove alike detrimental to their own and the interests of the people they are seeking to oppress. They are utterly incapable of appreciating the actual state of affairs, and wage persistent warfare against the inevitable. They must know that the heaviest misfortunes that have befallen the South have grown out of the antogonism of races. They are well aware that it has been "due-tive of the worst evils in the past, rum and disaster in the future. It is that which has fomented the turbulent elements by which Southern society is distracted, and threatens to turn it still more into a pandemonium of brutal outrage and suicidal strife. With all this before them as the certain consequence of the policy they have chosen to adopt, they rush forward with reckless infatuation to crush the objects of their unnatural antipathy, or force them back into a state of semi-slavery to be used as obedient tools for the furtherance of their own selfish designs.—Buffalo *Express*.

Smethport School.

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN CO., PA.

THE Fall Term will commence Tuesday, September 1st, 1874, and continues three months. In addition to the common and higher English branches, instruction will be given in Latin, German, French, and Vocal and Instrumental Music. Also in surveying, with use of Transit for practical field work.

Rooms and Board.

Rooms will be furnished with or without table board. Rooms 25 to 50 cents per week. Board, school week, $2 00; full week $2 75

Tuition.

Common English, per term	$5 00
One or two additional for each of the higher branches.	
Vocal Music	$10 00
Instrumental Music	$10 00
Use of instrument	$2 00

Primary Department.

A Primary Department, under the supervision of Miss Lorena Satterwell, will commence at the same time and place. TUITION for term, $3 00.

All bill must be settled in advance.

Those wishing rooms must apply before Aug 21.

For further particulars apply to

B. F. TRAIN, Principal.

Manhood, How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc. also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c

Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the application of the knife, pointing out a mode of cure, at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two post stamps.

Address the Publishers,

Chas. J. C. Kline & Co.,

120 Bowery, New York; P. O. Box 4586.

H. L. PAGE.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

OLEAN, N. Y.

2nd Door south of the Olean House.

Good Fits and Durable Garments.

I HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF Fall and Winter cloths and cassimeres, which I am prepared to make up for my customers in the latest and best style.

GOOD WORKMEN ONLY EMPLOYED.

Olean, N. Y., August 6, 1874.

MOORE HOUSE

OLEAN, N. Y.

M. V. Moore, Proprietor.

(FORMERLY ROBES HOUSE.)

Newly Furnished. Bells to all rooms. 'Bus to all trains. Best bar in Western New York.

Summer Arrangement.

Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Railway.

ON AND AFTER June 29, 1874, trains will run on the B. N. Y. & Phila. R'y as follows.—

Leaving Buffalo.

8.50 a. m.—Mixed Train to Port Allegany—(daily except Sundays) stopping at Olean 2.10 p. m., at Iorsville 4 04, at State Line 4.24, at Eldred 4.52, at Larrabee 5 10, at Port Allegany 6.00.

6.20 a. m.—Philadelphia Express—(daily except Sundays) stopping at Olean 9.11, at Portville 9.25, Eldred 9 51, Larrabee 9.56, Port Allegany 10 15, Emporium 11 15, Williamsport 6.25, p. m., Sunbury 8.05 Harrisburg 10.10 p. m., Philadelphia 2.50 a. m., Baltimore 2 40 a. m., Washington 6.20 a. m.

5.30 p. m.—Port Allegany Accommodation—(daily) stopping at Olean 8.40, at Portville 9 20, State Line 9.35, Eldred 9.45, Larrabee 9.52, Sartwell 9.57, Port Allegany 10 45.

Trains Leave Emporium.

3.15 a. m.—Local Passenger and Freight—(daily except Sunday) stopping at Port Allegany 7.40, Larrabee 8 50, Olean 9.11, Buffalo 2.00 p. m.

6 p. m.—Niagara express—(daily except Sundays) stopping at Port Allegany 7 05, at Larrabee 7 24, at Olean 8.10, at Buffalo 11 p m.

Train Leaves Port Allegany.

4.45 a. m.—Accommodation—(daily) stopping at Turtle Point 4.59, Sartwell 5.05, Larrabee 5 10, Eldred 5.17, State Line 5.32, Olean 6.00, Buffalo 9.50 a. m.

H. L. LYMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

J. D. YEOMANS, Supt.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, JUNE 21st, 1873, the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

NIAGARA EX. leaves	Phila	7 20 a. m
" " "	Renovo	4 20 p. m
" " "	Emporium	6.20 p. m
" " "	St. Marys	7.35 p. m
" "	arr. at Kane	9 15 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Phila	11.55 p. m
" " "	Renovo	11 10 a. m
" " "	Emporium	1.15 p. m
" " "	St Marys	2 10 p. m
" "	arr. at Erie	8.35 p. m

EASTWARD.

NIAGARA EXPRESS	leaves Kane	9.00 a. m
" "	St. Marys	10.30 a. m
" "	Emporium	11 35 a. m
" "	Renovo	4 05 p. m
" "	arr. at Phila.	2.50 a. m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie	11.20 a. m
" " "	St. Marys	5 09 p. m
" " "	Emporium	6 10 p. m
" " "	Renovo	8.20 p. m
" " "	arr. at Philadelphia	6 40 a. m

Mail East connects east and west at Erie with L. S. & M. S. R. W. and at Irvineton with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. R. W.

Mail West connects with east and west trains on L. S. & M. S. R. W. and at Corry and Irvineton with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. R. W.

WM. A. BALDWIN,
General Superintendent.

SPECIALTIES!

ANOTHER 1,000,000 INVOICE OF THOSE

Pure Silk, Grosgrain & A.

RIBBONS,

The best made, just received at

R. O. Smith & Co.'s, Olean.

Regular 4 to 6 shilling goods selling at 2 shilling. They are none of those cotton warp, soiled good you may see in all the stores in the country. Milliners supplied on liberal terms.

100 Dozen

of those justly celebrated

Josephine Seamless Kid gloves,

in colors, at $1 50 per pair, at

R. O. SMITH & Co.'s.

This price limited to 30 days.

Have You Seen

those *New and Nobby Straw*

***Hats* for men and boys, at**

R. O. SMITH & Co.'s?

You Should,

and this month's styles of Silk and Soft Hats, also.

Third Invoice

OF

Elegant Parosols

AT

R. O. SMITH & Co.'s,

CHEAP AND BEAUTIFUL

We are in daily receipt of new styles of Dress Goods, Domestics, Hosiery, Fine Shoes for Men, Women, and Children, all down to Rock-bottom prices.

R. O. Smith & Co.

OLEAN, June 4, 1874.

P. BECKER & CO.

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

AND DEALERS IN

Paints, Oils,

Glass, Putty,

Nails, Etc., Etc.

468 and 470 Main Street,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A. M. ADAMS & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGARS

No. 48 and 50 PEARL St., Buffalo, N. Y.

W. T. Callar,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Paints,

Oils, Fancy Goods,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,

KANE, PA.

OLEAN HOUSE.

J. K. Van Campen, Prop'r.

This House has been Thoroughly Repaired and Newly Furnished. Barber Shop, Bath Room, Restaurant and Billiard Saloon attached. Sign for 200 guests. Barn room for 200 horses.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Not one person in a thousand suffering is protected by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the surest, safest, and best of all the *Pills* with which the market abounds. By their occasional use the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by *Ayer's Pills*, and stimulated into action. Thus incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who use it, can hardly be computed. These sugar-coated pills are pleasant to take, and preserve their virtues unimpaired for any length of time so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or change of occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper of each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which they rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia or Indigestion**, **Languor**, **Lassitude**, **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache**, **Sick Headache**, **Jaundice** or **Green Sickness**, **Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstruction which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism**, **Gout**, **Gravel**, **Pain in the Limbs**, **Loins**, **Back** and **Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the nature of the action of the system. With each change these complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings**, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression**, a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a **Dinner Pill**, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* The hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so unsightly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, LOWELL, MASS.

The M'Kean Miner.

THURSDAY, AUG. 13, 1874.

Local and Miscellaneous.

— The Potter Enterprise has moved into new quarters.

— The Potter County fair is to be held the 7th and 8th of October.

— Goldsmith Maid made a mile on the Rochester track yesterday in 2:13½.

— Judge Wilson presides at County Court now in session in Cameron county.

— One hundred and fifty-three voters are registered in the borough of Coudersport.

— The farm belonging to Ezra Rolfe, on the valley road about 3 miles from Smethport, is advertised for sale.

— New York has 285 miles of sewers, and it is said they mainly empty into the rivers and Fourney's Democrat.

— A good agent for a good Fire Insurance company is wanted in McKean county. See advertisement "Wanted," elsewhere.

— If you want anything in the line of Fresh Fruit, call at Wendell's Market. He receives it fresh every few days from the city.

— We are told that Major J. K. Hailey has been promoted to a Colonelcy in the State Militia. It is a worthy promotion and one that will prove well deserved.

— The Potter Journal tells of a fisherman who found up the body of a very young baby on the Allegany River. Its mother, an unmarried woman, has been arrested.

— Owing to an incompatibility of ideas, the civil engineer and the contractor of stone work on the new Marvin creek bridge "don't hang" together very well, and Mr Digel has thrown up his contract.

— J. T. Ely can fit up about as delicious a glass of soda water as can be found anywhere. He takes great pains to serve it just right, and the consequence is it is just right.

— At a meeting of the Republican County Committee held on Friday evening Hon. L. Ross was selected Senatorial and C. A. Sawtell Representative delegate to the State Convention, which meets at Harrisburg on Wednesday.

— Another affecting extract from an obituary poem has appeared. It reads:

The way the child departed,
Was more than all the rest,
It climbed the golden gate,
It climbed the golden gate.

— A suggestion is made that a son-in-law of a good democratic local paper, who should not fall out with his father-in-law and then find fault with him because he had a chance to get right in an every day matter.

— The prospect that each subscriber will pay a paper whenever he is ready to pay it. But we don't know which is the most unreasonable, a paper, year after year, that has never been paid and never stopped, so long as he can get rid of it—Exchange.

It is currently reported on the street that Orrin Gale's grist mill is to be converted into a woolen factory. If such be the case we have no doubt it will be a success. Mr. Gale is a practical man and knows what he is about. We have no doubt but that he will get his share of the trade.

— During the severe storm of yesterday, Mr. Gardner Barrett's barn was struck by lightning setting it on fire. One of his sons-in-law was driving a load of hay into the barn at the time, and both horses and the hay were knocked down by the shock. One of the horses was fatally injured. The fire was extinguished without much loss.

— The County Commissioners have been engaged a portion of this week, trying to overcome some obstacles in the progress of the work on the new Marvin creek bridge. It has been said, and we are not disposed to dispute it, that our present Board of Commissioners have accomplished more business, with less expense of time, than any of their predecessors for a number of years.

— A gentleman stopping on our borough a short time, and so unfortunate as to receive on the bare of an arm, the scar clearly defined with antimony to commit rape at Bradford, was detained the other day until he could be identified. Two gentlemen from Bradford came over immediately, and declared that he was not the man they wanted. His only resemblance to Hutchinson was the loss of his arm, for he proved to be a gentleman, and it is to be regretted that he was made to suffer the annoyance of detention on so infamous a charge.

— The following complimentary words are so deserving that we cannot but reproduce them. They are from the Buffalo *Express*, in reference to a gentleman whom we know to be one of the most honorable and genial men in Buffalo.

If there is a man in this town that has a more warm and wide spread popularity, that man is Peter J. Hanbour, the liberal hearted and high minded citizen. He is a gentleman well liked by everybody, and is as pleasant and agreeable as a bottle of his own champagne on a hot day. Mr. Hanbour cannot be excelled in his line of business.

The Catholic Picnic, Smethport.

The Catholics of Smethport intend holding their picnic in Ank's grove, on Saturday, the 15th inst., the proceeds of which are to be applied to the liquidation of the heavy debt on their church. From what we know of the committee of ladies and gentlemen appointed to conduct the entertainments, we feel assured of its success. To all who wish to spend a pleasant day we promise a good dinner, plenty of temperate refreshments, good music and dancing.

J. E.

In the Prison Cell.

Through the courtesy of Sheriff Powell, we were permitted yesterday to visit the young man confined in the county jail, under the terrible charge of killing C. H. Heber. It is not a very pleasant place, a cell in the McKean County jail, not a place conducive to pleasant thoughts or physical sensations, but the cell in which the prisoner is confined has been newly whitewashed and cleaned, which renders a short stay not quite so oppressively unpleasant to the otherwise as usual.

The appearance of the prisoner would at first impress the visitor very favorably. He is a young man, twenty one years of age, well built, with a smooth, open countenance, and not any of the "murderous villain" appearance. He says he was never arrested before in his life, and appears much dejected in view of his present position. When speaking of his father and mother and friends he could hardly refrain from tears, and although he freely told us where his parents lived, he requested that we would not publish it, as they do not yet know of the sad fate of their son, and he does not wish them to discover it first through the public prints. He also complains that the published accounts of the affair by which Heber lost his life and he became the inmate of a murderer's cell have not done him justice, we will state his version of it. His story is about as follows:

He had some words with Heber in front of Hogarth's store, when Heber went into the store and he was pushed back. He had thought no more of it, until about 20 minutes afterward, when Heber came from the back side of the store around to where he stood. Heber was accompanied by several friends, and had a stone in his hand. He said, "Is that you, Call?" Heber replied, "Yes, it's me," and immediately assaulted him, knocking him down with a stone. He thinks he must have been hit by more than one, as his head was cut and bruised in several places, and he was partially insensible after the first blow.—He denies having Heber when he back was turned, but says that when he hit him Heber was coming at him, backed by a number of friends, while he was almost alone. He had no idea Heber was hurt so badly, and left Port Allegany from fear of being mobbed by Heber's friends.

Such are, in brief, the main points of his story. If these facts can be proven on the trial it may materially help him. We can only hope that justice may be done, whatever it be.

Excursion Hints.

Remember—No tickets will be sold by agents after Thursday evening, Aug 20

Turn full in new hands will accompany the excursion—the Port Allegany and the Hot Water Cottage.

A special train will start from Emporium on time to connect with the excursion train on Lackawanna. Time will enable all between Olean and Emporium to purchase tickets from their own stations. We will publish the time table in our next week.

Arrangements have been made so that parties need not be troubled with the care of their lunch-baskets on the train. Checks will be given for them, and they will be placed under the especial charge of an official of the road, who will be responsible for their safety.

If you are going on the Excursion, you should have a convenient and tasty lunch basket, as it is proposed that all shall carry their own lunch as being more pleasant and economical than to patronize a high-priced hotel. Eaton & Sprague have just got in a lot of baskets, designed expressly for lunch-baskets, and valuable for almost any other purpose, which they are selling very low.

Political Gossip

— The Democratic Convention of Elk county will nominate September 7th.

— The Republicans of Susquehanna county met in county convention on Monday.

— The Mercer county Republican convention is called to meet the 14th of September.

— The Lancaster county Democracy will hold their county convention on the 19th inst.

— The Clinton county Democracy have nominated L. A. Mackey for Congress, W. A. Wallace for State Senator, and George A. Archenbach for Assembly.

— The Republican State convention meets at Harrisburg the 19th inst.

— The Beaver Radical "thinks" it would not hurt the Philadelphia delegation to put McClure in as Senator again.

— Eugene J. Miller has been elected Representative delegate to the Democratic State Convention from Elk county. A resolution was adopted by the County Committee naming L. A. Mackey, Esq., of Clinton county, as the first choice of Elk county for Congress.

Personal.

A company of Eight-weight (ranging from 160 to 200) gentlemen stopped in town Tuesday. Gen. Geo. J. Magee and Mr. Daniel Beach, of Watkins, N. Y., and Messrs. Joseph Warren, of the Corner, G. R. Wilson, W. T. Wilson, Dennis Bowen, and J. Conklt Smith, of Buffalo, comprised the party. Their destination was Bunker Hill, which is becoming quite a favorite resort for capitalists of enterprise, who can "snuff from afar" a profitable investment. They departed for home this morning, amid the graceful bows and affectionate adieus of such of our citizens who may perchance feel an interest in their movements, and the wondering gaze of the idle throng that gathered on the Bennett House porch to "stare at greatness."

— Our neighboring borough of Bradford seems to lead the county in enterprise. We are told that Mr. J. R. Pomeroy, of that place, became Monday night the happy father of a bouncing boy of 14 pounds avoirdupois! It is sixteen years since he has been thusly blessed, and it is fair to conclude that a kind Providence is determined to make up number in bulk.

Almost a Century.

Few people know how to grow old gracefully.
—Madame de Staël

Although the sparkling eye, the ruddy cheek, the sprightliness of youth to be beautiful, but few admit of seeing beauty in old age, and seldom is it that a beautiful old age is witnessed, yet we claim that the expression does not contain a contradiction of terms.

To see one who has spent scores of years in performing life's work in a worthy industrious manner (it matter's not in what sphere) coming down to the grave, cheerful and contented, a comfort to their children and grandchildren, thanking God for the sweets of their life, and trusting Him for present and future care, is a beautiful sight even if the hair be white, the cheek wrinkled, and the eye dimmed. Such were the thoughts prompted and forced upon us by a recent visit to the oldest man in this section of the country.

James Reilly who for many years was an active farmer and mechanic, among the people of this section is now almost forgotten by the community, because seldom seen in their midst.

In three more years it will have been a century since he was born in Cavin county, Ireland; he was born and bred in the Catholic faith to which he has ever remained a firm adherant. He remembers distinctly the stirring scenes of the Irish Rebellion in 1798, and discourses of Orangemen, Break-O'Day men and Defenders as if the words had been familiar to him from childhood.

One can learn more of Irish history, customs and manners, during a half day, with Mr. Reilly, than can be gleaned by a weeks time spent in reading; he speaks intelligently and truthfully of historical events, and personal experiences three-fourths of a century ago, but is almost wholly oblivious to the events of the last decade, and is even at loss to review the experiences of a single day, and yet is able to read common print, and his hearing remains unimpaired. He evidently has a lease of life for at least ten more years.

Strange to tell he is not like most old people, annoyed by the pranks and noise of children; he even enters into their sports, and encourages their noise and prattle, which causes his grandchildren to have great affection and consideration, for the old gentleman.

His home is with his son, Andrew Reilly where he receives from all about him the attention and affectionate consideration, which his declining years deserve. May several years elapse before they will be denied the privilege of ministering to his wants.

Mr Reilly and his family came to this county in about 1840; he made a temporary stop at Portadelphia, where he contracted personally with Dr Keating, for 200 acres of land, at seventy five cents an acre; land to be within one mile of Potato creek, this land is still owned by himself and son. He settled upon this tract of timber land in November 1843, erected a log house, saw many privations and hardships, notwithstanding he remembers of buying beef at 2 cts, and pork at 3 cts per pound.

The farm cleared by himself and children, is as good a hill farm as this section affords.

The old gentleman speaks in the warmest terms of the late Judge John Holmes, and Dr Coleman as having given him some assistance, and much encouragement at the time of his settling. Dr Coleman lived near Port Allegany.

The old gentleman says he built the first chimney in the now prosperous village of Port Allegany. Mr Reilly was a mason by trade, and did much work in Potter and McKean counties. He is now too old to work, but if any should be excused for the reason of having done his share, we doubt not he is one.

Old age is indeed beautiful when it crowns an active, consistent and contented life.

S. W. S.

We are indebted to J. W. Hilton, Esq., for the following Thermometrical table for the month of July, from the first to the 26th inclusive.

The record was kept by Silas Fordham, at St. Mary's, on the river of that name, the dividing line between Georgia and Florida.

The average temperature at 2 p. m. is less than 80, and the variation is but slight compared with the rise and fall of the thermometer in this latitude, where 96 and 50 would represent the extremes of heat and cold in July.

The project of Government aid to develop the agricultural and lumber products of the States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, bids fair to attract a large share of the Western emigration.

Mr. Hilton has letters describing the healthfulness, commercial importance, and prospective greatness of the section where the record was kept that would be of much interest to our readers, and we may be able to obtain some of them for publication.

	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.
1	74 deg.	82 deg.	77 deg.
2	74	84	78
3	74	84	78
4	74	84	78
5	74	84	78
6	74	84	78
7	74	84	78
8	74	84	78
9	74	84	78
10	74	84	78
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12	74	84	78
13	74	84	78
14	74	84	78
15	74	84	78
16	74	84	78
17	74	84	78
18	74	84	78
19	74	84	78
20	74	84	78
21	74	84	78
22	74	84	78
23	74	84	78
24	74	84	78
25	74	84	78
26	74	84	78

The Teachers' Institute.

The County Teachers' Institute will be held at the Court House, in Smethport:

September 8, 9, 10, & 11.

Evening Lectures will be given on Educational subjects. Lecturers and Instructors:—

Prof. Robert Cubby,
Doctor of Philosophy, and Deputy State Superintendent; and
Prof. H. S. Jones,
School Sup't of the city of Erie.

Both these gentlemen are well known to be eminently successful as Institute workers, and no effort will be spared on my part to make the session interesting and instructive. Directors, and the public generally, are invited to be present. I trust that every teacher in the county who can will attend during the entire time. Those *not present* will be expected to give a *good reason for absence* when next examined.

W. H. CURTIS, Co. Sup't.

Aug. 5, 1874.

To the Men and Women of McKean county:

Nearly eighteen months since the qualified voters of McKean county voted as empowered by Legislative enactment that no intoxicating liquors should be legally sold in their midst for the period of three years. The result in the main has been satisfactory, but for some months past evil doers have been inclined to violate the law openly and avowedly. Whether they can do it with impunity the better class of society must determine. It is for us to say whether the righteous power we have in our hands will be used. True it is, that by the present law the traffic is stigmatized instead of legalized, and our young to some extent protected; true it is that men, in selling the poison now, render themselves liable to a prison cell, while before theirs was no less a legitimate than unrighteous business.

Our legislators have given us this power over the traffic as an experiment to see whether it could be controlled. We can and must control it. The law was only saved from repeal last winter by the strongest efforts of temperance men and women, a large delegation of ladies from Northwestern Pennsylvania visiting the convened Legislature with their petitions.

If we allow the law to be a dead letter upon our statute books it will most certainly be repealed.

Rest assured that the liquor interest is daily mourning over the absence of their ill gotten gains; there are men who would give hundreds of dollars for the repeal of the law. We have said that in the main the result is satisfactory, but evil-doers are losing their terror of the law. At Alton liquor is sold openly, at Bradford with some degree of secrecy, but nevertheless sold, at Kane the traffic is increasing, a newspaper correspondent alleging that two gin mills have been started within a week, in Smethport a low Irish gin mill is tolerated. Of Port Allegany we know not directly, but are informed that there are several places where persons can get a bottle filled, no questions being asked, and do with sad regret remember that an American citizen was there brutally murdered last week by a drunken foreigner.

Let us ask each other the question Must these things be? We cannot avail ourselves of the Macedonian cry of "Come over and help us," but must do it ourselves.

Christians, we may pay preachers, do Sabbath School work, and pray, until our purse and voice fail us, but if nothing is done to check the greatest enemy to christian and moral reform, our labor will be vain.

We, individually, would not stand foremost and alone in enforcing the law, but nevertheless have a plan of open act on, which, if cooperated in by persons in different townships, cannot fail of bringing violators of the law to a speedy justice. Shall we follow duty, and do it?

S. W. Smith.

Smethport, Aug. 10, 1874.

Kane, Aug. 10th, 1874

At the last weekly meeting of the Committee representing the Presbyterian Church, in Kane, the following preambles and resolution were adopted:

Whereas:—In the opinion of this Committee, some measures ought to be adopted, having for their aim the furtherance of the cause of morality and true religion in this place, and for the promotion of that Christian Unity and Love, which ought to exist among us; and the present Church organization known as Methodist, has proven utterly inadequate for such a purpose, and much dissatisfaction in consequence prevails among the people of Kane, and

Whereas, we have consulted with a large majority of the Protestant citizens of Kane, and have been thus informed that a Presbyterian Church under the care of the Presbytery of Tioga would meet their wishes,

Therefore resolved: That the immediate objects of this Committee, are the organization of a Presbyterian Church, and the erection of a new church edifice in Kane, and that we will not cease our efforts, until these objects are attained.

W. H.

NOTICE.

Office Buffalo, Bradford & Pittsburgh R. R. Co., Aug. 10, 1874.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Buffalo, Bradford and Pittsburgh Railroad Company will be held on TUESDAY, the 6th day of September, 1874, in the village of Susquehanna Depot, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, for the purpose of choosing a Director and twelve Directors for said corporation, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

A. B. MACDONOUGH, Secretary.

E. Peat, now for use of J. H. Clark vs Joseph P. Clark. } In McKean Co. Common Pleas, No. 52, June Term, 1870.

NOTICE.—J. R. Chadwick, the Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county to distribute moneys made on Sheriff sale in the above entitled case, will be at the court house in Smethport, on Wednesday, September 16, 1874, at one o'clock P. M. of said day, at which time and place all persons having any claims will appear and present the same. J. R. CHADWICK, Auditor.

August 13, 1874.

WANTED.

An energetic and reliable man can obtain the Agency of the FIRE ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA for McKean County, by corresponding with HENRY W. WATSON, Gen'l Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

(References required.) 30-3t

BUGGY FOR SALE.

A light, single buggy, strong, well made, and in good condition, will be sold cheap. Can be seen at my place two miles north of Smethport.

W. H. CURTIS.

38-tf

Notice.

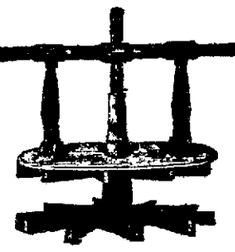
Western District of Pennsylvania. At Smethport, the 23d day of May, 1874—The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of H. D. Ault and C. Cornforth, doing business under the firm name of Ault & Cornforth, who have been adjudged bankrupts, on creditors' petition, by the District Court of said District.

O. E. HAVEN, Assignee,

July 2, 1874. 4w

Morse's Favorite

$5



WASHER.

THE undersigned having secured the exclusive agent of sale of Morse's Favorite Washer in the counties of

CAMERON, CRAWFORD,
CLINTON, ELK,
FOREST, ERIE,
M'KEAN, POTTER, and
WARREN,

Are prepared to dispose of either County, township or individual rights.

REFERENCES:

The undersigned ladies of Smethport and vicinity, having used Morse's Favorite Washer in their families, have permitted us to refer to them for proof of its many excellencies as a family servant.

Mrs. A N Taylor, Mrs. S P. Beckwith,
" C K Sartwell, " John Stoddard,
" H N Powell, " James Howard,
" J hn Grigsby, " Emma Gifford,
" John B Taylor, " Wm. Sherwood,
" B L Knapp " Horace Vanauken,
" Wm. Haskell, " H F Barbour.

KNAPP & TAYLOR.
B. L. KNAPP. JOHN TAYLOR.
Smethport, Pa. July 1, 1874.

SMETHPORT MARBLE WORKS.

The undersigned keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES,
TABLE-TOPS, MANTEL-PIECES

Come and see me!

Factory & Warerooms on Water St.

Smethport, Pa.

John Digel, Prop'r.

Market, Grocery & Provision STORE.

J. P. Wendell, Prop'r.

To meet the wants of the people of Smethport and vicinity, and fully satisfied that there is such a want, I have established in the Basement of

Armstrong & Co.'s Drugstore

a commodious

MARKET

AND GENERAL

PROVISION STORE,

where I shall keep on hand

FRESH & SALT MEAT,
FISH,
VEGETABLES,
FRUITS,

and everything usually kept in a first class Market.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

J. P. WENDELL.

TO OUR FRIEND AND THE PUBLIC.

We wish to call especial attention to our large and complete stock of

School Books, Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Albums,

&c., which we bought for cash of the receiver appointed for Breed, Lent & Co., Buffalo, directly after their failure, at TEN PER CENT. below the publisher's and manufacturer's prices to jobbers, we therefore DEFY competition, and are prepared to wholesale School Books to dealers in other parts of the county at bottom figures. Our stock of

CONFECTIONERY

is always complete, as we receive it in small quantities every few days thereby insuring its freshness. We also keep the very choicest brands of *CIGARS and TOBACCO* the market affords. Our FANCY GOODS, SUNDRIES, PERFUMERIES, &c., being selected with the greatest care from the best Importing Houses, we are enabled to offer as complete a line as can be found in this part of the country, at the lowest prices. We also keep strictly pure

WINES & LIQUORS

for medical use only. Prescriptions, recipes, &c., carefully prepared.

With many thanks for the liberal patronage we have so far enjoyed, we would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

McCOY & REILLY.

Smethport, Nov. 6, 1873.

GO TO EATON & SPRAGUE'S

FOR YOUR

STOVES, HARDWARE, COOKING UTENSILS, SHELF FURNITURE, CUTLERY, TINWARE,

and everything that can be found in a first-class Hardware Store

THEY WILL NOT BE OUTDONE IN PRICES OR QUALITY OF GOODS.

Alfred Sturdevant.

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that he is now prepared to attend to his customers at his

NEW QUARTERS,
OVER THE POST-OFFICE.

He is prepared to do

Shaving & Hair Dressing

in the highest style and at the lowest price. A select assortment of

Cigars, Collars, Cuffs,

and other fancy and useful articles constantly on hand. Call and be satisfied for yourselves.

WHY YOU WANT IT!

FOR ITS GOOD STORIES!
FOR ITS FASHION ARTICLES!
FOR ITS MISCELLANY!
FOR ITS HOUSEHOLD NEWS!

Third Year of
"OUR OWN FIRESIDE,"
A HOME JOURNAL FOR THE FIRESIDE.

16 large pages, with Illustrations. Every subscriber has choice of one of three fine chromos for better class than those offered by other publishers. Price, $1.50 a Year.

Send three cent stamp for sample copy. Address Our Own Fireside Pub. Co., room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

Canvassers wanted.

Any Article

Purchased for You.

Ladies', Gentlemen's, or Children's Garments, any Household Goods, Musical Instruments, or Fancy Article.

Anything You Want,

AND WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

Send three cent stamp for circular. Address PURCHASING AGENCY OF "Our Own Fireside," Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS

2, 4 & 6 Horse Power.

GET the BEST & CHEAPEST.

Address, M. L. GUMP & CO., Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

Amateur Job Press.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

For Printers, Druggists, Business Men and Boys.

Send five cents for pamphlet. Address M. L. GUMP & CO., Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

Hotel for Sale.

THE BENNETT HOUSE,

IN SMETHPORT, PA., is offered for sale. This Hotel is located at the County seat of McKean County, and is the best hotel property in the county. It will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms. Any one wishing to purchase a Hotel property will do well to examine it. For any further information, call upon or address the proprietor,

WM. HASKELL,

Smethport, April 2, 1874.

Business Directory.

Byron D. Hamlin & Son.

LAW AND LAND OFFICE. Agents of the Keating lands situated in the County of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Smethport, Pa.

S. D. Freeman.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

SMETHPORT McKean county, Pa., will attend promptly to all calls in his profession.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Smethport, McKean county, Pa., will attend to all calls in his profession.

R. H. Rose.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office in Court House.

D. V. Crossmire.

Resident Surgeon P. & E. R. R. Co

15 Pearl St., Rank, Pa.

Prompt attendance given to all professional calls.

Backus & Milliken.

ATTORNEYS & Counsellors at Law, Smethport, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care. Office on third stairs in Sartwell block, on Main street.

W. J. MILLIKEN. JOHN C. BACKUS.

P. Ford.

ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law and Collector of Internal Revenue for McKean, Elk and Cameron counties, will give his attention to all matters pertaining to his profession in the above counties. Office, Ford Building, Church street, Smethport, Pa.

P. L. Webster

WOULD INFORM the citizens of Bradford and vicinity that he keeps ready made coffins, soft and hard wood cassets, etc., constantly on hand.

Bingham Estate.

Robt. H. Rose is authorized to receive money for me; also applications to buy lands. He will give information generally, in any business connected with this Estate, in McKean County office is in the Prothonotary's office in the Court House.

Wellsboro, Dec. 24, 1873. ROBT. C. SIMPSON, Agent of the Estate.

J. E. Olds & Son,

HAVING made arrangements to carry on the TANNING BUSINESS on a more extended scale, would respectfully invite the farmers of McKean county to give them a call. CASH FOR HIDES will be made a specialty, and satisfaction guaranteed. Remember the place—three miles from Smethport, on the Ormsby (or Farmers' Valley), Jan. 11, 1872.

New Cabinet Shop.

THE undersigned takes this opportunity of informing the public that, having rented the Cabinet Shop two doors above the old stand—opposite the dwelling house of Mrs. Wolfe—he is prepared to sell chairs of most every description and Furniture of most every kind, and keeps constantly on hand a large supply of all articles of furniture, picture frames, &c., &c.

H. M. SPICER.

Smethport, Feb. 4, 1869.

New Paint Shop.

THE subscriber has opened a shop on Mechanic street—over John E. Tyler's old blacksmith shop—and is now prepared to do all kinds of painting in the best possible style. Carriage painting, striping, lettering and sign painting and all other work in this line done in the best manner. The best of material used, and satisfaction guaranteed.

CARL SASSE.

Smethport, May 2, 1872.

M. L. Armstrong's

JEWELRY STORE,

No. 3, Union Block.

Where a large assortment of Watches and Clocks are kept constantly on hand. Also a varied assortment of Jewelry of the latest styles and best finish, which he is now offering at most Cash prices. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Satisfaction [illegible]

Farm, Garden and Household.

Improving Meadows.

Just after haying is finished every farmer knows exactly where he cut the heaviest grass, and just where the unproductive acres are, and then is the proper time to improve them. It is too generally believed that when a meadow has become sod bound and unproductive, a course of plowing and cropping by rotation and seeding down is necessary, in order to obtain a heavy growth of grass.

This method is good, providing two difficulties are overcome; first, when only a portion of the field requires renewing, it is difficult to remove a crop of corn (which is almost invariably raised first) from the ground in time to secure the fall seed on the balance of the field before the frost has injured it, as the meadow becomes too wet and soft to allow cattle and horses to tramp upon it.

Second, when soil is once turned, farmers are apt to keep it under the plow too long; hence so many acres of poor land upon the farms of Ohio husbandmen. Land should always be stocked down before the old sod has entirely rotted away. The two above named difficulties have kept hundreds of acres of meadow land lying in almost useless condition for years.

Experience has taught many, however, that to renovate meadow land, plowing is not required. The partly barren places should be marked out, and in the month of September receive a good top-dressing of manure and be thoroughly harrowed up, dragging until the old sod is entirely broken up and torn in pieces, then stocked with one peck of pure timothy seed per acre, and drag lightly.

The trouble is, the grass roots become so compacted and interwoven that they cannot readily, and foreign matter works in. A coat of manure, thorough harrowing and seeding will cause a sufficient increase of grass the first year to more than pay for labor bestowed. If in the fall it is discovered that by reason of drouth or any other cause the seed has not grown, it should be re-stocked without dragging in the latter part of March. We have had the best luck when stocking in spring by sowing upon a light snow.

There is another thing that too many farmers neglect, and that is the putting of meadows in proper shape for the mowing machine. The time spent in mowing around stumps, hillocks, logs and trees, with a hand scythe, amounts to more in a season or two than would be required to move them all, and make the meadow forever afterward clear and smooth.

We have noticed that farmers who apply all their barn manure to their meadows in the fall produce the heaviest crops of all lands upon their farms. The reason is this: Manure lying in a pile until all becomes decomposed and more valuable, and it being all applied to meadows, there is none for plowed ground. So but two or three crops will be taken off, then sown to clover and the second crop plowed under, then stocked down and a new piece plowed. It makes easy tillage and large profits. —*Ohio Farmer.*

Incidents of the Flood.

The first sacrifice of the Pittsburgh disaster was that of W. H. Humbert, familiarly called Willie Humbert, a young man of great promise, aged 25 years. He resided in Ohio street, secure and far from danger. Hearing of the flood he hurried to the scene, and the first that caught his eye was the form of Policeman Hess struggling in the water. The young man plunged in, and with the aid of a plank rescued him, pulling him in through a window in the house of Peter Bolster. If they had stayed there they would have escaped. The windows giving way and the water flowing in so fast that they had scarcely time to reach the upper story when they missed little August, Squire Bolster's five-year-old son. Humbert ran below, and, catching a glimpse of the boy's struggling form without, he sprang through a window and grasped the child. He began to sink, and Hess, seeing his companion's danger, sprang out to save him; but the water swept him off his feet, and both, with the child, disappeared beneath the walls of a floating building.

Perhaps among all those who were employed in the noble work of saving lives none were so successful as six young men of the Duquesne Boat Club, whose names are George Shott, John Straub, Frank Brennon, Frank Gerhard, and Charles Metz. In their staunchly-built skiff, the Baby Anne, they rowed around rescuing struggling victims wherever they could see them.

One heroic act, which stands prominent among the rest, was the rescuing of a Mrs. Hoey and her two children. The lady resided in that ill-fated portion of the town near Centre street, where so many lives were lost. The children were twins, aged five months. Early in the evening one of them had taken sick, and fearing it would die, the husband started for a minister to have it baptized. While he was gone the flood came, and the water rushing in the two-story frame house containing the wife and children, turned it over partly on its side. Realizing her great danger, the wife with her darlings ascended to the attic. While clinging under a cornice of the roof, holding on fast to her children, the Baby Annie came along. The young men tried to reach her, but the height was too great. A moment more and they would have perished. In an instant Straub and Brennan had mounted the roof of an adjoining building, and a moment afterwards had the mother and babes in their arms. They were carefully lowered into the skiff, and in a few moments safely lodged in the house of a neighbor. The joy of the poor mother was doomed to be short-lived, for one of her infants died the next day.

There are many other acts of heroism, but the heroes do not all survive to tell of their perilous deeds. The grave has claimed the greater part of them, and the joys of those rescued are embittered with the knowledge that their saviors were lost.

Fooled Him.

A story is told of a verdant youth who went to buy the practice of a country doctor. The doctor said his patients were so numerous he could not remember them all, but his horse knew them and always stopped at their doors. The next day the country doctor drove his customer through the town, and as he said, the horse stopped at nearly every door. The bargain was concluded and the money paid. The purchaser remained in town, and for several days wondered why no patients came. He

A Serious Calamity.

The New York *Herald*, speaking of the Beecher-Tilton case, says: We cannot regard this scandal in any other light than that of a serious calamity, not alone to the parties concerned in it, but to the entire community. A popular and powerful preacher has been stricken down before the flock by whom he was revered, and his usefulness is not only impaired, but utterly destroyed, unless he can explain the accusations which are really based on his own letters. A wife and a mother is publicly dishonored by the husband who had condoned her fault. The husband has shown that he could basely forgive, and then, more basely still, turn upon and seek to destroy those whom he had forgiven. Ladies and gentlemen of high social standing and professed moral worth have busied themselves for years as common scandalmongers, all the time discussing the shame of these three as a phrase of social life. The saints seem to have been turned into very devils and to have been bereft at once of everything like moral understanding and all sense of social decency. In a certain sense the community has shared in this shame, and it is no wonder morality and religion suffer. But it is now too late to sit down and grieve over the wrongs of the past. They have become matters of impartial investigation, and in the end they must become matters of solemn judgment. Unfortunately the inquiry so far has been without good results. The tribunal itself was not of a kind to commend it to the public. In conducting the investigation the committee has made serious mistakes, especially in the latitude allowed in the cross-examination of the accuser and principal witness. Instead of confining the inquiry to the simple issue of the guilt or innocence of Mr. Beecher upon the charges preferred against him and to ascertain the value of the proofs bearing upon the case, extraneous matters were permitted to be introduced on both sides, and a hired attorney was allowed to practice the pettifogging tactics of the police courts. The publication of Mr. Tilton's cross-examination destroyed the committee's usefulness, and this imposes upon it the necessity of dissolution. A calmer and safer tribunal—a tribunal having judicial authority—must hear and determine the case; but Heaven forbid that it shall be a police court, with a Mark Maddle as the master of ceremonies! The time for pistols or a policeman was in the beginning, but now a different course must be pursued, while the busybody who has caused Tilton's arrest ought to be handled out of court for the trouble he has taken.

A Large Reward.

The Mayor of Philadelphia has issued the following proclamation:

"At the instance of the citizens of Philadelphia, I hereby offer a reward of $20,000 for the arrest and conviction of the abductors of Charles Brewster Ross, the son of Christian K. Ross, of Philadelphia, and the restoration of that child to his parents. The child was stolen from Washington lane, near Chew street, Germantown, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, on the afternoon of the 1st of July last. At the time the child was stolen he answered to the following description: Age 4 years; dressed in a brown linen kilt suit with a short skirt, a broad-brimmed unbleached Panama hat with a black band, laced shoes, and blue and white striped stockings. The boy has long, flaxen, curly hair, hazel eyes, clear skin, round, full face, and no marks except those made by vaccination on the arm. His appearance as above described may have been greatly changed by cutting off his hair or changing his dress to that of a girl, or in some other way. The child was decoyed by two men into a falling-top yacht-bodied buggy, painted dark all over, and lined with dark material, drawn by a dark bay or brown horse, about fifteen and a half hands high, driven, it is believed, without a check-rein, by two men, who, as nearly as can be ascertained, answered to the following description, viz: No. 1 was a man of rather large size, probably 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high. He was only seen sitting; his age is believed to be from 35 to 45 years; has a moustache and full beard or whiskers, of a brown or sandy brown color, and brown hair. He wore a ring on the little finger of his right hand. No. 2 was a man 5 feet 8 or 10 inches high, about twenty-five or thirty years of age, of light, or with a tendency to sandy complexion, sandy moustache, and a red nose and face, having the appearance of a drinking-man. One of the men wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, looking as if it had been worn a season or two and much sun-burned. The other wore a high-crowned, dark-colored straw hat. One wore a linen duster and the other a gray alpaca duster. One of the men wore large eye-glasses or goggles of a dark color, probably as a disguise.

The Strength of the Carlist Army.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, in a letter received by the last mail, says: "On a modern computation the number of the Carlist troops in all Spain—in the Basque provinces, Navarre, Catalonia and Valencia—cannot be less than 50,000 or 60,000. Spaniards hostile to the Pretender, and in a position to judge, have recently estimated his numbers at 60,000. Among these there may be a percentage of pressed men who care nothing for the cause, still less for fighting; but the great majority are volunteers in the true sense of the word, who have their heart in their work, and accordingly do it well. Your correspondents with the national and Carlist armies lately bore witness to this, and to the fact, also, that a great many of the Republican soldiers engaged on June 27 were undersized lads, quite unfit for the work given them to do. The mountaineers of the three Biscayan provinces are as good fighting men as could be easily met with, and the war has now lasted long enough to convert them into seasoned veterans—at least as compared with the almost raw lads brought against them. Zabala and Moriones must do their best if they would avoid further disasters."

"Charley, what makes your cheeks so red?" asked his sister's admirer of a little five-year-old. "'Cause I put some of sister's paint on. She puts it on every day." It was a painful dis-

THE CENTENNIAL.

An Appeal to the People of the United States for Funds.

The Centennial Commission issues the following address to the people of the United States:

"Arrangements are steadily progressing for the Centennial Celebration and International Exhibition. The principal buildings are in course of erection. The President of the United States, as requested by Congress at its last session, has extended a cordial invitation to all other nations to join you in this work, and a large number of these have already signified their intention to accept that invitation. Exhibition space is being applied for from this and foreign countries, and every manifestation on the subject seems to indicate eminent success for our Centennial display. But to carry out this undertaking on a scale due to the glorious event to be commemorated, additional funds will be needed; for while Congress has cheerfully thrown around the patriotic work, the national prestige, and promptly promoted it by appropriate laws, it did not furnish the necessary capital; that part was left for you. And not doubting, that inspired by the memories of the past and the blessings of the present, you will cheerfully perform it, and to the end that it may be convenient for you to do so, we have adopted a plan for raising a revenue, which will be brought before you by the bureau created for that purpose, and acting under the general direction of Hon. William Bigler, a member of this board, who is commended to your respectful consideration in the performance of his arduous duties. In addition to the use of this plan, any person can subscribe for one or more shares Centennial stock at $10 each, by remitting payment for the same in Post-office draft, or by check, to Frederick Fraley, Treasurer, No. 904 Walnut street, Philadelphia, for which certificates will be promptly returned.

JOHN WELSH,
President Centennial Board of Finance,
PHILADELPHIA, July 23.

What Brigham Did.

In a recent interview Brigham Young said that the Mormons were the first to suggest the idea of building a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that as far back as 1852 the Territorial Legislature had memorialized Congress on the subject. Before the days of the railroad he erected a cotton mill at Salt Lake, the machinery of which was transported across the plains and mountains by ox-teams. The cotton used in the Mormon factories is grown in Southern Utah, and is fully equal to that raised in Tennessee. Mr. Young added that he is now experimenting on the propagation of fish and oysters in the river Jordan, and hopes to succeed. The first information he had of Utah was from Fremont's book, in which the General described Salt Lake, stating that it was salt at the northern end and fresh at the southern end. This was a mistake, caused by the fact that Fremont, in going westward, passed the northern extremity of Salt Lake, and in returning passed Utah Lake, which is further south, and fresh. From Fremont's book, aided by information given by Indians and hunters, Brigham Young was enabled to find the lake, near the shores of which he founded a great city.

Curing Nervousness.

An eminent French physician, says Max Adeler, claims to have discovered that fiddling will cure nervousness, and that a trumpet solo will cure catalepsy. I have not yet tested the accuracy of these statements, but I know a man who is learning to play the accordeon who has so completely cured everybody in the neighborhood of homesickness that they are perfectly willing to remain away from home for any length of time while the accordeon fiend is practicing. He is also curing the house rents in the vicinity by driving them down. I have also known singing to relieve acute attacks of rheumatism. Old Jones who used to live near me, was disturbed one night by a glee club which was serenading his daughter. He suffered a great deal from rheumatism, but he managed to hobble to the front window with his gun, and while he was leaning out to take aim at the man who sang bass, he lost his balance and tumbled out on the pavement. He never suffered again from rheumatism. He was buried on the following Sunday.

Attacked with Hydrophobia.

The Liverpool *Daily Albion* says: A remarkable case of hydrophobia has occurred at Robert Town, Liverpool, near Dewsbury. On the 16th of last May a mare, the property of Edward Walker, farmer, was bitten by a small black and tan terrier dog, which was seen to run into the stable in which the mare was located. Mr. Walker drove it away, and, although he followed it, lost sight of it in one of the lanes of the village. Half an hour afterwards the dog returned to the stable and again snapped at the mare, whereupon she kicked it. On July 2d the horse's lower lip became very much swollen, and Mr. Sumner, veterinary surgeon, having been called in, he treated it for a disease known as the "strangles." On the night of July 5th, however, the animal became very violent, and snapped and bit at everything within her reach. Ultimately she exhibited all the symptoms of hydrophobia. The veterinary surgeon pronounced that she was suffering from this disease, and consequently she was shot.

An Astonishing Story.

Here is a story which may well astonish all naturalists! In Murraysville, Cocke county, Tenn., a Mrs. Kennedy has for some years suffered great pains and "felt something running up and down her stomach." So at last, after some hospital treatment, she went for Perrium Gyles, M. D. This physician having summoned two of his brethren, an operation was undertaken. Surgical particulars are unnecessary. The result was that two living rattlesnakes, one 36, the other 32 inches long, were removed from the woman, and she is now perfectly well, while the snakes (on a stuffed state) adorn the museum of Col. John Stephens. Mrs. Kennedy says that several years ago "she swallowed two small, soft, white eggs" which she found in a field, "supposing them to be partridge eggs."

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Col. Anthony, of Leavenworth, brother of Miss Susan B. Anthony, told the correspondent of *The Chicago Tribune* that he first heard the scandalous Beecher—Tilton story from the lips of his sister in Washington about one year ago. Miss Anthony then told him that she was a guest in Tilton's house when a violent domestic scene occurred. She retreated to her own room to avoid it, and was presently followed by Mrs. Tilton. The two women bolted the door, placing the bedstead against it to keep Mr. Tilton on the outside. Mr. Tilton accused his wife of adultery with Beecher, and she replied with the accusation that he had procured an abortion for a young lady of Brooklyn whom he had seduced, calling the lady by name. That night Miss Anthony and Mrs. Tilton slept together, and during a conversation the latter, in seeming mental distress, imparted the secret. She averred that Beecher treated her with the fondness he would a child .... The Coroner's jury in the case of little Katy Curran rendered a verdict. It found that she came to her death by the hands of Jesse Pomeroy, and that the evidence submitted corroborated Pomeroy's confession of the crime. The jury also found that the body of the girl, either before or after death, was mutilated by some sharp instrument.. ...The Republicans of the Fourth Alabama District renominated Mr. Hays for Congress by acclamation..... The Republican Committee of the First Congressional District of Virginia unanimously resolved to make no nomination, but to leave the field to the Hon. J. B. Sener, on his record in the present Congress, and the committee further recommend Mr. Sener unanimously to the people of the district..... The total valuation of taxable property in New York city is $1,154,029,176, and this must pay $31,822 391.79 tax this year..... Mrs. Lucy Gooch, of Kennebunk, Me., a widow, aged 76 years, drowned herself in a creek near her house . In the Butcher's Run district alone during the great Pittsburgh flood it is said that more than twenty million cubic feet of water fell in the space of an hour and a half. . By an explosion of a powder mill magazine and drying house near Tamaqua, three men were instantly killed, and a boy named Coyle was fatally injured . .The farm house of Mr. Shoffhausen, thirteen miles from Ipswich, Dakota, was burned. He was absent at the time and his wife and three children were burned to death. His wife dragged herself and infant out, and walked a mile and a half, but both were so badly burned that they died shortly afterward.

The grasshoppers are doing immense damage in Boscawen, Canterbury, Franklin, and other towns in New Hampshire. Col. D. H. Clough estimates that they have injured the hay crop to the amount of fifty tons, and Isaac H. Gage, Esq., put his loss at forty tons They are now making a raid upon the fruit trees and corn tassels, devouring the latter as fast as they appear ...New York papers say that Mr. Tilton sought an interview with his wife which she had refused. The refusal was positive, and Mrs. Tilton declares that reconciliation is impossible, and that she is very determined to adhere to the course she has adopted. She has no thought of returning to occupy her Livingston street house until the papers of separation are signed. Mr. Tilton told a reporter that he went to see Mrs. Tilton and was unsuccessful. "My object was simply this and this alone I wanted to tell her that if she needed any article for her use which was at my residence in Livingstone street, that she was at liberty to call for it at any time and I would be conveniently absent"..... Some of the farmers in the grasshopper afflicted districts are already without bread or food of any kind, and the agents of the Relief Committee have found families living on greens and boiling the wild grass of the prairie for food. For their immediate relief the Committee sent into the devastated region 600 barrels of flour and 60 barrels of pork to be distributed to those most in want.. . The following recapitulation will be found to approach the sum of the actual mortality by the terrible Pittsburgh disaster Upper Allegheny, 125, Lower Allegheny, 9; Sawmill Run, 14, Big Branch Sawmill Run, 6, Little Branch Sawmill Run, 27; Charter's Creek, 20; other suburbs reaching to Washington county, 18 total, 219. . The Democratic State Convention of Alabama, nominated Hon. Geo H. Houston by a unanimous rising vote for Governor England, Germany, and Italy, it is reported, have agreed to establish a joint surveillance over the Spanish frontier..... The United States signal observer at Pittsburgh says there was no indication of a storm on Sunday night except a slight change in the barometer It appeared to come from the northwest, and passed over the city westward . Daniel Rank, of Philadelphia, had a quarrel with his wife, and as a result of it determined to put his entire family out of the way. He poisoned the family meal, but was detected and arrested. .. James W. Smith, the first colored cadet appointed to the Military Academy at West Point, was dismissed after the June examination, having failed to pass an examination in some of his studies.

A Bonaparte.

There is a narrow, ugly street in Baltimore, where woman rarely comes, but one is often seen there. It is the shops of a little old woman, that sallies from a boarding-house on the corner, less often recently than it used to—a feeble, tottering frame, and a wizened, wrinkled face, wigged and spectacled. The old lady uses her attendant's arm as a support, and passes, apparently without notice, the groups of talkers that stare or point her out to a stranger. If some of the more deferent salute her, she straightens for a moment, and returns it with a touch of the old grace that wrought her fame and her misfortune. She is not a celebrity of to-day; her story stretches back full sixty years, to the days when a handsome, pusillanimous exile married her on his own caprice, and repudiated her at the beck of a brother; for she is Madame Jerome Bonaparte, as she has always proudly styled herself, once the wife, now the widow of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia. Beautiful, brilliant, and aristocratic, Miss Patterson married him, then an unknown stranger, against the wishes and counsel of all her friends. She is now old and peculiar. Her son Jerome, who never saw his father, is dead, but his widow and child—a third Jerome, with unmistakable Bonaparte face—are living in Baltimore."

HYDROPHOBIA.—The London *Times*, in an article upon hydrophobia, says that the stories about this disease occurring seven years or twenty years after a bite are probably in most cases fables; and, if not fables, they at least show that the disease may arise spontaneously; but yet there is no certainty with regard to the period of time at which it can be said that all danger has ceased. According to the best authorities, when two months have elapsed the person bitten by a rabid animal may entertain a well-grounded hope of escape, and after ninety days the es-

WHY.—In an Irish paper was an advertisement for horses to stand at livery on the following terms: "Long-tailed horses at 3s. 6d. per week; short-tailed horses at 3s. per week." On inquiry into the cause of the difference it was answered that the horses with long tails could brush the flies off their backs while eating, whereas the short-tailed horses were obliged to take their heads from the manger.

The Skeptical Convinced.

Every advance in medicine, every new remedy has encountered an opposition, which is the test of truth. Galen and Jenner only were believed when they had proved their discoveries against opposition. But men are observing, and benefits always make believers. No incredulity can stand the silent argument of good results. When Dr. Walker proclaimed that he had produced from the medicinal herbs of California an Elixir that would regenerate the sinking system and cure diseases not organic, the incredulous shook their heads. Yet his Vinegar Bitters is now the Standard Restorative of the Western World. The truth could not be resisted. Under the operation of the new remedy, Dyspeptics regained their health, appetite and strength, the Bilious and Constipated were relieved of every distressing symptom; the Consumptive and Rheumatic rapidly recovered; Intermittent and Remittent Fevers were broken up; the taint of Scrofula was eradicated! Who could gainsay facts like these? Not even the Faculty. Skepticism was routed. All doubts as to the claims of the Bitters to the first place in the first rank of modern medicines were silenced, and this wonderful preparation is to-day the most popular Tonic, Alterative, and Blood Depurent ever advertised in America. In common with other journalists, we are free to add our testimony to this remedy. It is a domestic medicine, and no household should be without it.—*Com.*

The Best Sewing Machine.

The best sewing machine for all purposes made is, beyond question, the Remington. It will do a greater variety of work, with less noise and physical exertion, than any in the market. It is so simple that a child can manage it, and so durable that we can see no reason why one, with ordinary care, should not last a lifetime.

This point we desire to call especial attention to. The Remington is made by the Remington Arms Co., of Ilion, N. Y., whose arms are known the world over.

They have the entire confidence of the governments of the world, for the reason that they never turned out a poor weapon, nor, indeed, any but the best. Quality is what they pride themselves upon, for it was their capital at the beginning. The same rigid honesty that they held to in the manufacture of arms, they have carried into their sewing machine. They are made of the best material attainable, and no labor or expense is spared to finish them in such a way as to make them do a great deal more than is claimed for them. The name "Remington" is a sufficient guarantee to any one who knows the Company.

The Company desire Agents in every county in the United States. We can say that the machine, because of its excellence, is a good one to handle, and of the Company that their employees are certain of fair and liberal treatment. Write to Remington Arms Company, Ilion, N. Y.—*Com.*

A Mammoth Dispensary.

"Among the notable physicians of this country, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., stands deservedly high. He has obtained professional eminence through strictly legitimate means, and fully deserves the enviable reputation which he enjoys. A thorough and careful preparation for his calling and extensive reading, during a long and unusual large practice, have made him extraordinarily successful in his private practice, and gained the commendation even of his professional brethren By devoting his attention mainly to certain specialties, he has been rewarded in a very great degree, and in these lines is recognized as a leader. Not a few of his preparations compounded for these special cases have been adopted and are used in their private practice by physicians throughout the country, and his pamphlets and larger works upon these subjects have been welcomed as valuable additions to medical literature, and placed among the regular text-books of many medical schools. Acknowledgment of the services which he has performed for medical science has been made by presentations of degrees from two of the first medical institutions of the land, and by the translation of several of his works into German, Spanish and other foreign languages. The increasing demand for his specifics some time since necessitated the opening of a regular dispensary for their preparation, and from a small beginning the business of this establishment has now grown to mammoth proportions Thus, during the three months ending March 31, 1874, the sum expended for postage alone, not to speak of that paid on newspapers, amounted to $2,080.70. Over a hundred persons are employed in the various departments, and a corps of able and skilled physicians are retained as an advisory board in difficult cases. Elsewhere in to-day's *Republican* a whole page is devoted to a communication from Dr Pierce, setting forth something of the history and details of this vast establishment, which will be found not uninteresting reading."—*St Louis Republican.*

If you would patronize medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled physician and chemist, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative or blood cleansing, and an unequaled cough remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seed, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription—an unequaled remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for pain, bowel complaints, and an unequaled liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in Head" ever given to the public.—*Com.*

WANTED — 100,000,000 MEN.—Apply for a situation at the nearest gents' furnishing store. They will engage you by your paying the price of a box or more of Elmwood Collars, which you can take home with you.—*Com.*

Not Quite So Fast, Mr. James I—A horse-doctor in Philadelphia was caught changing the colorated MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT into other bottles, and using it as his own recipe. Honesty is always the best policy. These medicine men like to follow up each fellows. It cured the lame horse all the same; but it damaged the Doctor's reputation, and benefited the proprietor in proportion. We have heard of so many Rheumatic persons and lame horses being cured by the MUSTANG LINIMENT that we advise every housekeeper, liveryman and planter to invest in a 50 ct. or $1.00 bottle, against accident. Beware of counterfeits. It is wrapped in a steel engraving signed "G. W. Westbrook, Chemist."

The Radical Heroic Club, of New York, recently changed their discussions from Woman's suffrage to Hair preparations and Pimple Banishers. They declared that where nature had not endowed them with beauty, it was their right—yea, their duty—to seek it where they could. So they voted that MAGNOLIA BALM overcame Sallowness, Rough Skin and Ringworm, and gave to the complexion a most *distingue* (Scrotian) and marble-like appearance (dangerous to men, no doubt); and that LYON'S KATHAIRON made the hair grow thick, soft and avent pretty, and moreover prevented it from turning gray If the proprietors of these articles did not send the sisters an invoice, they are not smart.

The Grand Revolution in Medical Therapeutics, which was commenced in 1860, is still in progress. Nothing can stop it, for it is founded on the principle, now universally acknowledged, that physical vigor is the most formidable antagonist of all human ailments, and experience has shown that PLANTATION BITTERS is a peerless invigorant, as well as the best possible safeguard against epidemic diseases.

The Markets.

New York.

Beef Cattle—Prime to Extra Bullocks	$11½	@ 12¾
Common to good Texans	6@8½	@ 10
Sheep	6½	@ 7
Hogs—Live	7½	@ 7¾
Dressed	9½	@ 10¼
Sheep	5	@ 6
Cotton—Middling	17	@ 17¼
Flour—Extra Western	6 25	@ 6 75
State Extra	7 25	@ 8 00
Wheat—Red Western	1 27	@ 1 33
No. 2 Spring	1 21	@ 1 22
Rye	95	@ 96
Barley—Malt	1 00	@ 1 05
Oats—Mixed Western	50	@ 50
Corn—Mixed Western	70½	@ 80
Hay, per ton	1 00	@ 1 05
Straw, per ton	12 00	@ 1 00
Hops	1 00	@ 1 10
Pork—Mess	2 75	@ 2 80
Lard	13½	@ 13¾
Petroleum—Crude	6½	@ 7
Butter—State	25	@ 30
Ohio Fancy	20	@ 22
" Yellow	20	@ 22
Western Ordinary	16	@ 19
Pennsylvania Ext	28	@ 29
Cheese—State Factory	13	@ 15
" Skimmed	04	@ 05
Ohio	11½	@ 12
Eggs—State	23	@ 30

ALBANY.

Wheat	1 45	@ 1 52
Rye—State	80	@ 1 10
Corn—Mixed	1 05	@ 1 06
Barley—Mixed	1 05	@ 1 06
Oats—State	72	@ 72

BUFFALO.

Flour	6 00	@ 7 75
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	1 23½	@ 1 24
Corn	69¼	@ 71
Oats	36	@ 36
Rye	1 05	@ 1 06
Barley	1 85	@ 2 00
Lard	13½	@ 13¾

BALTIMORE.

Cotton—Low Middlings	15¾	@ 16
Flour—Extra	7 00	@ 7 75
Wheat	1 20	@ 1 27
Corn—Yellow	66	@ 66
Oats	60	@ 62

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Penn. Extra	6 75	@ 7 00
Wheat—Western Red	1 26	@ 1 31
Corn—Yellow	62½	@ 66
Mixed	61	@ 62
Petroleum—Crude	06	@ 06½

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MINERAL ROCK SPRING,

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Dropsy, Diabetes, Gravel, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Jaundice, Bright's Disease,

And all diseases of the liver and kidneys. This water is now known and sold as a remedy for the above diseases in all parts of the world. It is truly wonderful what effect it has upon the human system It is now being shipped at the following prices

Barrel, 40 gal., $15; half do. $7; demijohn and jugs, 50 cents per gal., package extra; bottles (qts.) $2.50 per dozen. Money must accompany the order, except to our regular authorized agent. Inquire of your Druggist for Waukesha Mineral Rock Spring Water. Address C. C. OLIN & CO., Waukesha, Wis., for orders for the Water or for Circulars

MORE TESTIMONY.

Letter from Judge Hiram Barber.

RONDOUT, Wis., July 7, 1874.

MR. C. C. OLIN, Waukesha, Wis.: Dear Sir—Inclosed please find $1.25 for five gallons of Mineral Rock Spring Water—can send to-day by express.

I am much pleased with the results from the use of your Spring Water. I have used for the last two years other waters, but have never received from the use of others as decided results as from the use of that you sent me. It may be owing to other causes operating at the same time, which has aided in the former results from the use of yours, still I am not aware of any. as my habits have been the same, making use of no drugs or other medical treatment.

Yours, H. BARBER.

EAU CLAIRE, July 6, 1874.

C. C. OLIN & CO.—GENTS—This is to certify that I have used the Waukesha Mineral Rock Spring Water for the last six or eight months, with great results I was very bad with the kidney and liver disease, and the water has helped me so wonderfully, in both of the diseases My digestion has also greatly improved, and I now feel like water has been a great benefit in more ways than one If I come to use the water, I am confident that it will effect a permanent cure. Therefore ship me to this city another half barrel of the water at once. Respectfully yours,

CHARLES J. SMITH.

MANHATTAN, Kansas, July 6, 1874.

C. C. OLIN & CO—This is to certify that I have been troubled with kidney, bladder, and urinary complaints, bordering on a Bright's disease, for a number of years. For the last two years I have suffered much, the doctors could do me no lasting good. At the time there was quantities of albumen in my urine. I had seen notice in the paper of Waukesha Water Last February I thought I would try the water, and sent to St. Louis and got five gallons, and while I was drinking I received our gallons from at tend to Illinois In a few days I received a circular which told me that the water that was sent me from Illinois was from Mineral Rock Spring Since then I have ordered two barrels and received it, and am making free use of it.

By the use of the water my health is better than it has been for years My wife thinks the water the greatest book that I ever received. It has its desired and designed effect I think after using it a few months more, I shall be all right.

Now, sirs, as a scholar, and if you can change the style of my writing without destroying its meaning, you are liberty to do it

CHARLES BARNES.

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